

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

Date of first publication 1578

[*British Museum, C. 34, e. 42*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

1578



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

1578

Besides the British Museum copy (the original of this facsimile reprint), there are examples in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and at Trinity College, Cambridge. No other edition is known.

The author's preface and the note of "The Printer to the Reader" disclose certain bibliographical facts which it is unnecessary to reiterate here. It will also be seen on reference to Gii that the second part commences with a fresh title.

The author's record is to be found in its proper place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." George Whetstone was a voluminous writer of no little repute in his day.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says "a first-rate facsimile . . . as good as any in the whole series."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE RIGHT EXCEL-
lent and famous Historye, of
Promos and Cassandra:

Deuided into two Comminall
Discourses.

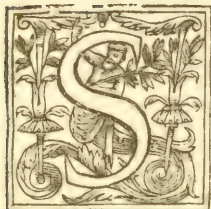
In the fyrste parte is showne, the
vnsufferable abuse, of a lewde Magistrate:
The vertuous behauiours of a chaste Ladye:
The vncontrolled lewdenes of a fauoured
Courtisan.
And the vnderferued estimation of a pernici-
ous Parasyte.

In the second parte is discoursed,
the perfect magnanimitye of a noble Kinge,
in checking Vice and fauouringe Vertue:
Wherein is showne, the Ruyne and ouer-
throwe, of dishonest practises: with the ad-
uancement of vpright dealing.

The worke of George
Whetstones Gent.

Forma nulla fides.


TO HIS. WORSHIPFULL
 friende, and Kinseman, *William*
Fleetemoode Esquier, Recorder
 of London.



Yr, (desirous, to acquite
 your tryed frendships, with some token
 of good will:) of late I perused diuers of
 my vnperfect workes, fully minded to
 bestowe on you, the trauell of some of
 my forepassed time. But (resolved to ac-
 companye, the aduenturous Captaine,
 Syr *Humphrey Gylbert*, in his honorable
 voiage,) I found my leysure too littel, to correct the errors
 in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I leste them disparfed, a-
 monge my learned freendes, at theyr leasure, to polish, if I faild
 to returne: spoyling (by this meanes) my studdy of his necessa-
 ry furnytur. Amonge other vnregarded papers, I sownde
 this Discourse of *Promos* and *Cassandra*: which, for the rarenesse,
 (& the needeful knowledge) of the necessary matter contained
 therein (to make the actions appeare more liuely,) I denided
 the whole history into two Comedies: for that, *Decorum* vsed,
 it would not be conuayde in one. The effects of both, are good
 and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, vnlawfull desyres (yf it
 were possible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needeful actions
 (I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the rewarde of the good,
 the good are encowraged in wel doinge: and with the scowrge
 of the lewde, the lewde are feared from euill attempts: maine-
 tainning this my oppinion with *Platoes* auctority. *Neighbour-
 nesse, commes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or
 bearinge the lines of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye,)
 but goodnesse (sayth he) is beautified by either action. And to*
 A.ii. these

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

these endes : *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, them selues many yeares since intombed, (by their *Commedies*) in honour, liue at this daye . The auncient *Romanes*, heald these shewes of suche prile, that they not onely allowde the publike exercise of them, but the graue Senators themselues countenaunced the Actors with their presence: who from these trifles wonne morallytye, as the Bee suckes honny from weedes. But the aduised deuises of auncient Poets, discredited, with the tryfels of yonge, vnaduised, and rashe witted wryters, hath brought this commendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the *Italian* is so lasciuious in his cōmedies, that honest hearers are greued at his actions : the *Frenchman* and *Spaniarde* folowes the *Italians* humor : the *Germane* is too holye : for he presentes on euerye common Stage, what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets. The *Englishman* in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order : he fyrst groundes his worke, on impossibilities: then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde : marryes, gets Children, makes Children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder Monsters, and bringeth Gods from Heauen, and fetcheth Diuels from Hel. And (that which is worst) their ground is not so vnperfect, as their workinge indiscreete : not waying, so the people laugh, though they laugh them (for theyr follyes) to scorne : Manye tymes (to make mirthe) they make a Clowne companion with a Kinge : in theyr graue Counsels, they allow the aduise of fooles: yea they vse one order of speach for all persons: a grose *Indecorum*, for a Crowe, wyll yll counterfet the Nightingales sweete voice : euen so, affected speeche doth misbecome a Clowne. For to worke a Cōmedie kindly, graue olde men, should instruct: yonge men, should shewe the imperfections of youth: Strumpets should be lasciuious: Boyes vnhappy: and Clownes, should speake disorderlye: entermingling all these actions, in such sorte, as the graue matter, may instruct: and the pleasant, delight : for without this chaunge, the
atten-

The Epistle Dedicatorye.

attention, would be small: and the likinge, lesse.

But leaue I this rehearfall, of the vse, and abuse of Commedies: least that, I checke that in others, which I cannot amend in my selfe. But this I am assured, what actions so euer passeth in this History, either merry, or morneful: graue, or lasciuious: the conclusion shewes, the confusion of Vice, and the cherishing of Vertue. And sythe the end tends to this good, although the worke (because of euell handlinge) be vnworthy your learned

Censure, allowe (I beseeche you) of my good wyll, vntyl leasure serues me, to perfect, some labour of more

worthe. No more, but that, almightye God

be your protector, and preferue me

from dainger, in this voiadge, the

xxix. of Iuly. 1578.

(.:.)

Your Kinsman to vse,
George Whetstone.

¶ The Printer to the Reader.



Entle Reader, this labour of Maister W hetstons, came into my handes, in his fyrst coppy, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his country) that he had no time to worke it a new, noz to geue apt instructions, to prynte so difficult a worke, heying full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that euery sundry Actoz, hath in all these a sundry grace: so that, if I commit an erroz, without blanning the Auctoz, amend my amisse: and if by chaunce, thou light of some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with iudgement, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is driven, both to praise, and blame, with one breath, which in readinge will seeme hard, & in actiō, appeare plaine. Using this courtesie, I hould my paynes wel satisfied, and Maister W hetstons vniniured: and for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookes, as may profit thee with delight.

(. .)

Thy friend. R. I.

The Argument of the whole Hystorie.

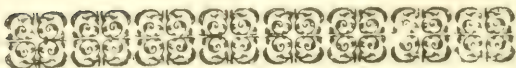
IN the Cyttye of *Inlio* (sometimes vnder the dominion of *Cornius* Kinge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so euer committed Adultery, should lose his head, & the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuerelawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, vntill the time of Lord *promos* auctoryty: who cōuicting, a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous, and beautifull Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *promos*: *promos* regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that euill might come thereof: for a time, he repriu'd her brother: but wicked man, tōurning his liking vnto vn-lawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: Chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life:) vpon these conditions, she agreede to *promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as feareles in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satiffyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye, vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent *Cassandraes* clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outeryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the prouidence of God, prouided thus for his safety. He presented *cassandra* with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agreed

ued

The Argument of the whole Historie.

ued at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke, to be auenged of *Promos*. And deuising a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the King, that forthwith he halted to do Iustice on *Promos*: whose iudgement was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale, before her special ease, although he fauoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) forrowng the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetie, and craued pardon. The Kinge, to renouue the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare Historie, in action lyuelye followeth.


(.)



The Historie, of Promos
and Cassandra.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

¶ Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde bearer; One with a
bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos man.*

 Du Officers which now in Iulio staye,
Know you our leadge, the King of Hungarie:
Sent me Promos, to ioyne with you in sway:
That styl we may to Iustice haue an eye.
And now to shew, my rule & power at lardge,
Attentiaelic, his Letters Patents heare;

Phallax, reade out my Soueraines charge.

Phal. As you commaunde, I wyll: giue heedfull care.

¶ Phallax readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which must be
fayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeate zeale.

PRO. Doe, here you see what is our Soueraignes wyl,
Doe, heare his wish, that right, not might, beare swaye:
Doe, heare his care, to wade from god the yll,
To scourge the wights, god Lawes that disobay.
Such zeale he beares, vnto the Common weale,
(How so he byds, the ignoraunt to saue)
As he commaundes, the lewde dorigo sale.
Such is his wish, such is my wyll to haue:
And such a Iudge, here Promos volues to be.
So wyllfull wzong, sharpe punishment shall myste,
The simple thzall, shalbe iudge with mercie,
Each shall be dombe, euen as his merite is:
None shall not staye, nor hate reuenge procure.
He yet shall Coyne, corrupt or foster wzong:
I do protest, whylste that my charge indure,
For friende nor foe, to singe a partiall song.

Thus haue you heard, holue my Commission goes,
He absent, I present our Soueraigne styl:
It aunsweres then, each one his dutie sholues,
To me, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.

B. f.

Ma. Woz.

*None, hate
and gains:
the causes
of Inie.
Etice.*

The Historie

Al. For thy Deputie, at thy charge we saye,
We doe submitte our selues, to worke thy heaht:
Receyue the sword of Iustice to destroy,
The wicked impietie, and to defend the rest.

Shri. Our Cittie hepes, take witht Liffenaunt heare,
We doe committe our safetie to thy head:
Thy wyse foresight, will keepe vs boyde of feare,
Yet wyll we be assistant still at nede.

Pro. Both Sworde and Keyes, into my Princes use,
I doe receyue and gladlie take my charge.
It resteth nowe, for to refoyme abuse,
We poynt a tyme, of Councell moze at lardge,
To treate of which, a while we wyll depart.

Al speakes. So worke your wyll, we walde a wylling hart. *Exeunt.*

Actus .I. Scena .2.

Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth synging.

The Song. **A**L a flaunt now vaunt it, braue wenche cast away care,
With Layes of Loue chaunt it, for no cost see thou spare:

With Sith Nature hath made thee, with bewty most braue,
Sith Fortune doth lade thee, with what thou wouldst haue.
Ere Pleasure doth vade thee, thy selte set to sale:
All wantons wyll trade thee, and stowepe to thy stale.

All a flaunt, *Ut Supra.*

Young Ruslers maintaines thee, defende thee and thine,
Olde Dotnells retaines thee, thy Beuties so shine:
Though many dildayne, thee, yet none maye thee tuch:
Thus Enue retraynes thee, thy countenaunce is tuch.

All a flaunt, *Ut Supra:*

¶ **Triumphe**

of Promos and Cassandra.

Tumphe sayre *Lamia* now, thy wanton flag aduance,
 Set forth thy selfe to brauest shew, both thou of happy chaunce: *Shes spea-
 ker,*
 Oyle, accompt thou thy selfe the chiefe, of Lady Pleasures traine,
 Thy face is faire, thy soyme cōtent, thy fortunes both doth staine.
 Euen as thou wouldest, thy house doth stande, thy furniture is gay,
 Thy waides are braue, thy face is fine, & who for this doth paye?
 Thou thy selfe? no, the rushing Pouthes, y bathe in wanton blisse,
 Pea, olde and dooting soles sometimes, doe helpe to paye for this.
 Freē cost betwēne them both I haue, all this for my behoue,
 I am the sterne, y gides their thoughts, loke what I like, they loue
 few of them sūre, that I byd staie, if I bid go, they flye:
 If I on foe pursue reuenge, *Alarme* a hundred crye.
 The brauest I their harts, their handes, their purses holde at wyl,
 Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlder me in yll.
 But se wher as my trustie man, doth run, what newes bzings he:

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rosko (Lamias man) *Lamia*.

Ros. Good people, did none of you, my mistresse *Lamia* see?

La. *Rosko*, what newes, that in such haste you come blowing:

Ros. Mistresse, you must shut vp your shops, & leaue your occupy.

La. What so they be, foolish knaue, tell me true: *(ing.*

Ros. Oh yll, for thirtie: besydes you.

La. For mee good fellowe, I praye thee why so?

Ros. Be patient Mistresse, and you shall knowe,

La. Go too, saye on:

Ros. Harrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was.

And thirtie must to *Trussum corde* go.

Among the which (I weepe to shewe) alas:

La. Why, what's the matter man?

Ros. O *Andrugio*,

For louing too kindlie, must loose his heade,

And his sweete hart, must weare the shamefull weedes;

And dainde for Dames, that fall throug fleshly decedes.

W g

La. Is

The Historie

La. Is this offence, in question come againe:
Tell, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
See, see, howe soone, my triumphe turnes to paine.

Ros. Distresse, you promised to be quiet,
For Gods sake, for your owne sake, be so

La. Alas poore *Rosko*, our dayntie dyet,
Our bzauerie and all we must forgo.

Ros. I am sozie.

La. Yea, but out alas, sorrowe wyll not serue:
Rosko, thou must needes provide thee else where,
My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starue:
Hence that, I did provide for a deare yeare.

Ros. They rewarde saye (their haruest in the sticke,)
When winter comes, that byd their seruants packe.

Alas Distresse, if you turne mee off now,
Better then a Roke, none wyll me allowe.

La. Thou shalt haue a Pasporte,

Ros. Yea, but after what sorte?

La. Why, that thou wart my man.

Ros. O the Iudge, slyde shoves the fauour,
To let one thafe, bayle another:

Euen I know, ere long you so wyll slyp awaye,
As you, for your selfe, must sake some testimony
Of your good lyfe.

La. Neuer feare: honestly

Lamis nowe meanes to lyue, euen tyll she dye.

Ros. As iumpe as Apes, in betwe of Puttes to dancke,
Mytte wyll to kinde, of custome, or by chaunce:

Tell, howe so you stande vpon this holy poynt,
For the thing you knowe, you wyll icobarde a ioynt.

La. Admitte I woulde, my bazarde were in vaine.

Ros. Perhaps I know, to turne the same to gaine.

La. Thou comferts mee, god *Rosko*, tell mee howe?

Ros. Thou wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.

La. I dyd but ieast, god swete seruauant tell mee.

Ros. Swete seruauant now, and late, packe sy, god bwy ye.

La. Euen

of Promos and Cassandra.

La. Tush, to trye thy vnwillingnesse, I dyd but ieast.

Ros. And I doe but trye, how long you woulde be honest.

La. I thought thy talke was too swete to be true.

Ros. Yea, but meant you, to byd honestie adae?

La. No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by nede,
To byd him welcome home againe, I was decreade.

Ros. Uerie god, Mistresse, I know your minde,
And for your ease, this remedie I finde:

Dyng abroade, for playe fellows and such,

For you Mistresse, I hearde of one Phallax,

A manesteinde, of Promos verie much:

Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to are,

And I sinealt, he lou'd lase mutton well.

La. And what of this?

Ros. Marry of this, if you the waye can tell

To towe him home, he of you wyll be sayne.

Whose countenaunce, wyll excuse your faultes.

As none for life, dare of your lyfe complaine.

La. A god deuice, God graunt vs god successe:

But I praye the, what trade doth he professer?

Ros. He is a paltrie petypogger,

La. All the better, suspition wyll be the lesse.

Tell go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,

Tell him from me, that I a cause o' two.

Woulde put to him, at leysure wyllinglie.

Ros. Myr case is so common, that smal pleading wyll serue,

I go (nay ronne) your commaundement to obserue.

La. Aye me alas, lesse Phallax helpe, pooze wench vndone I am:

My foes nothe in the winde, wyll lye to worke my open shame:

How enuious eyes will prye abroade, offenders to intrap,

Of force now Lamia, must be chaste, to shun a moze mishap.

And wanton gyle, how wilt thou shift, for garments fine and gay?

For dainty fare, can cruells cōsent? who shal thy honestrent pay?

And that delights the most of all, thou must thy daliaunce leaue?

And can then the force of lawe, o' death, thy minde of loue bereaue?

In good faith, no: the wight that once, hath tast the fruits of loue,

Untill hir dyng daye will long, Sir Chancers icke to proue.

B ij

Actus.

*The scourge
of lawe
(and not
zeale) kee-
peth the
lewd in
awe.*

The Historie

Actus. 1. Sce. 4.

Lamias mayde, *Lamia*.

May. Forsooth *Mistris* your thzaule staves for you at home,

La. Were you bozne in a myll, cartoles you prate so hye:

May. The gentelman, that came the last day with Captaine *Prin*:

La. What young *Hipolito*?

May. Euen he.

La. Least he be gone, home hye:

And will *Dalma* pop him in the neather rōme,

And keepe the falling dōze close tyll I come:

And tell my thzaule his fortune wyll not staye.

May. Wyll you ought else? *Exet.*

La. Watyng biren a way.

Callants adue, I benter must *Hipolito* to se,

He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for me.

Note

My bassard for his sake I trewe, shall make him pray and pay:

He: he: shall prauke me in my plumes, and deck me braue and gay,

Of Curtisse, I praye you yet, if *Phallax* come this waye,

Reporst to put a case with him, heare *Lamia* long dyd stay.

Exet.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Cassandra, a mayde.

Cass. Aye wee, vnhappy wenche, that I must liue the day,
To se *Andrugio* tymeles dye, my brother and my stay.

The onely meane, God wot, that should our house aduancee,

Who in the hope of his god hap, must dy through wanton chance:

O blynde affectes in loue, whose tormentes none can tell,

Yet wantons wyll hyde fyre, and frost, yea bassard death, nay hell:

*The force
of loue.*

To taste thy solye swete frotes, digested styll with care,

Foule fall thee lone, thy lightning loyes, hath blasted my welfare

Thou speest affection speest, within my brothers best.

Thou u

of Promos and Cassandra.

Thou mad'st *Pelina* graue him (eare) Ieuen what he would request:
 Thou mad'st him craue and haue, a proofe of *Venus* meede,
 For which foule act he is adiudgd, eare long to lose his heade.
 The lawe is so seuer, in scourging fleshly sinne,
 As marriage to worke after mends both selbome fauor win.
 A law first made of zeale, but wretched much amiss.
 Faults should be measured by desert, but all is one in this,
 The lecher tyed with lust, is punished no more,
 Then he which sel through force of loue, whose marriage saues his
 So that poore I dispayre, of my *Andrugio* lyfe, (102:
 O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appease my stryfe.

A good
lawe yll
executed,

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Andrugio in prison, *Cassandra*.

AN. My good Syster *Cassandra*

Cass. Who calleth *Cassandra*?

AN. Thy wofull brother *Andrugio*.

Cas. *Andrugio*, O dismall day, what grâses, doe mee affayle:
 Condemned wretch to see thee here, fast fettered now in Tayle,
 How haps thy wits were witched so, y knowing death was made
 Thou wouldest commit (to slay vs both) this vile lasciuious deade.

AN. O good *Cassandra*, leaue to check, and chide me thzaule therfore
 If late repentaunce, wrought me helpe I would doe so no more.

But out alas, I wretch, too late, doe sorrowe my amys,
 Unless Lord *Promos* graunt me grace: in wayne is hady wits,
 Wherfore sweete sister, whylst in hope, my dâpned lyfe yet were,
 Assaulte his hart, in my behalfe, with battering tyze of teares.

If thou by sute doest saue my lyfe, it both our ioyes will be,

If not it may suffice thou soughtst, to set thy brother free:

Wherfore speede to prozoge my dayes, to morrowe else I dye.

Cas. I will not fayle to pleade and praye, to purchase the mercye,
 Farewell a while, God graunte mee well to speede.

AN. Syster adew, ty! thy returne, I lyeue, I went, hope, and dzeede.

Cass,

The Historie

Cas. Oh happy tyme, see where Lord *Promos* comes:
Now tongue addresse thy selfe, my minde to way:
And yet least haste worke waste, I hold it best,
In couert, for some aduantage, to stay.

Actus. 2. Scena. 3.

¶ *Promos* with the *Shrieve* and their Officers.

Pro. 'Tis strange to thinke, what swarms of vntidings line
Within this towne, by rapine spoyle and theft:
That were it not, that Iustice offe them grieue,
The iust mans goods, by Rufflers should be rest.
At this our Wyse, are thirty iudge to dye,
Whose falles I see, their fellows smally feare:
So that the way, is by seuerity.
Such wicked weedes, euen by the rootes to feare:
Wherefore *Shrieve*, execute with speedy pace,
The dampned wightes, to cutte of hope of Grace.
Shrieve. It shalbe done.

Cassandra
to her selfe.

*She kneel-
ing speakes to
Promos.*

Cas. Cruell words they make my hart to bleede,
Now, now, I must, this done seeke to reuoke,
Least grace come short, when starued is the neede:
Most mighty Lord, & worthy Iudge, thy iudgemēt sharpe abate,
Haile thou thine eares, to heare the plaint, that wretched I relate,
Behold the woofull Syster here, of poore *Andrugio*,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him show:
May his yong yeares, the force of loue, which forced his amis,
May, way, that Marriage, worke amends, for what committed is,
He hath deslde no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mou'd,
He sel through loue, who neuer ment, but wine y wight he lou'd.
And watons sure, to keepe in awe, these statutes first were made,
None but lustfull leachers, should, with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto, is farre from my pretence,
I sue with teares, to wyu him grace, that sorowls his offence.
Wherefore

of Promos and Cassandra.

Whereof oze herein, renowned Lorde, Justice with pittie payse:
Which two in equal ballance waide, to heauē your same will raise.
Pro. *Cassandra*, leaue of thy bootlesse sute, by law he hath bene tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, Lawe iudge him death:

Cas. Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischief oft permits, to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest domes, to keepe men styl in
Yet things, oꝛ such as execute, regall authoritie: (awe:

If meins be made, may ouer rule, the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought, which archt blood againe,
Andrugios faulte may valued be. Mariage wipes out his stayne.

Pro. Faire Dame, I se þ natrall zeale, thou bearest to *Andrugio*,
And foꝛ thy sake (not his desart) this fauour wyll I shewe:

I wyll repprue him yet a whyle, and on the matter pause,
To morrowe you shall licence haue, a fresh to pleade his cause:

Shrieue execute my charge, but staye *Andrugio*,
Untill that you in this behalfe, moze of my pleasure knowe.

Shri. I wyll perfoꝛme your wyll:

Cas. O most worthy Magistrate, my selfe thy thꝛall I finde,
Euen foꝛ this lytle lightning hope, which at thy handes I finde.

Now wyll I go and comfort him, which hangs twixt death & life. *Exit.*

Pro. Happie is the man, that enioyes the loue of such a wife,
I do protest, hir modest wordes, hath wrought in me a maze.

Though she be faire, she is not deacht, with garish shewes foꝛ gaze,
Hir bewtie lures, hir lookes cut off, fond intes with chaste disdain.

O God I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne.

What didst thou say: sic *Promos* sic: of hir auoide the thought,
And so I will, my other cares wyll cure what loue hath wrought.

Come awaye.

Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Phallax, *Promos* offycer, *Gripax*, and *Rapax* Promoters.

PHAL. My trusty friendes about your businesse straight,
With symple shewes, your subtile meanings bayte:

Cj

Monote

The Historie

Promote all faults, by into my office,
Then turne me lose, the offenders to sicke.
Gri. Truly, to finde lawe breakers let me alone,
I haue eyes, will looke into a Myllstone.
Phal. God a mercy *Gripax*.

Ra. And I am so subtyll sighted I trove,
As I the very thoughts of men doe know:
Gri. I sayth *Rapax*, what thought thy wife when she,
To lye with the preest, by night stole from thee?
Ra. Marry she knew, you and I were at square,
And leaſt we fell to blowes, she did prepare.
To arme my head, to match thy hoyned blowe.
Gri. Oe and a knaue with thee.

Ra. I say for you:
Phal. No harme is done, here is but blow for blow,
Wyds of a sether, best lye together.
Then like partners, about your market goe,
Marrowes abow. God sent you sayre twether.
Gri. Fare you well, for vs take no care,

With vs this blowe speche sildome breedeth square. *Exeunt*

Phallax
alone.

Offices,

A note
for way-
glers.

Phal. Marry sye, welfare an office, what some ouer it be,
The very countenance, is great, though slender be the fee,
I thanke my god Lord *Promos* now, I am an officer made,
In sooth moze by hap then desart, in secret be it sayde:
No force for that, each thyft for one, for *Phallax* will doe so,
Well fare whoe can take his tyme, may watch for tyme I trove.
I smile to thinke of my fellows, how some haue it, some waight,
And thinke reward, there seruice iust, with offered thifts wyl bayght.
When they (poze soules) in troth do falle a myle vpon account,
For flattery and seruent pleasing, are meanes to make men mount:
I speake on pzoſe, Lord *Promos*, I haue pleased many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.
What shyls for that, by wit or wyle, I haue an office got.
By force wherof euery lycence, warrant, patten, paspozt,
Leace, syne, fee, et cetera, pas and repas, through *Phallax* hands,
Disozdred persons bypbe me wel, to escape from iustices hands,

And

of Promos and Cassandra.

And welthy churles for to promote, I now haue set a worke,
Such hungry lads, as sone will smell, where statute breakers lurk,
And if they come, within our Grype, we meane to stripe them so,
As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with vs shall goe.
And trust me this, we officers, of this mylde mould are wrought,
Agre with vs, and sure your shame by vs shal not be sought:
But loost a while, I see my Lord what makes him lowre so
I wyll intrude into his sight, perhaps his gree to know.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Phallax. Promos.

PRO. Well mette *Phallax*, I long haue wytht to shewe,
A cause to thee which none but I yet know.
Phal. Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I:
If any way, your wish I could supply:
Pro. Faine would I speake, but oh, a chylling feare,
(The case is such) makes mee from speech forbeare.
Phal. These wordes my Lord (whome euer haue bene iust)
Now makes, me thinke, that you my truth mistrust.
But cease suspect, my will with yours shall gre,
What so (or against whome) your dealing be:
Pro. Against a wight of small account it is,
And yet I feare, I shall my purpose mys:
Phal. Feare not my Lorde, the olde pouerbe doth saye,
Faght harts doth steale saye Ladies sold away.
Pro. Saye Ladies O, no Lady is my loue,
And yet the sure, as coye as they wyl proue.
Phal. I thought as much, loue dyd torment you so.
But what is she that dare saye *Promos* noe?
Pro. Doe what one can, syre wyll breake forth I see,
My wordes vnwares, hath showen what grieueth me:
No wound is such, as loue must be my leache,
Which cure wyll byng, my Crauety in speche.

The Historie

For what maye be, a folly of more note,
 Then for to see, a man gray beard to dote;
 Phal. No my Lorde, *Amor omnia vincit*,
 And *Ouid* sayth, *Forma numen habet*.
 And for to proue, loues seruice seames the wise,
 Set *Sallamon* and *Sampson*, before your eyes:
 For wyf, and strength, who woume the chafest pylle.
 And both lye'd by the lawes loue did deuise,
 Which proues in loue, a certaine godhead lyes.
 And Goddes rule yearely, by wisdom from the skyes:
 Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.
 In deede diuine, I thinke loues working is,
 From reasons blye, in that my senses swarne,
 In pleasure paine, in payne I fynde a blysse,
 On woe I lede, in sight of fode I stearne:
 These strange effects, by loue are lodgd in me.
 My thoughts are bound, yet I my selfe am free.
 Phal. Well my Good Lord, I are (with pardon sought)
 Who she may be, that hath your thzauldome wrought?
 Pro. The example is such as I fygh to shewe.
 Syffer she is, to dampned *Andrugio*.
 Phal. All the better for you the game doth goe.
 The prouerbe sayth, that krye wyll vnto kinde,
 If it be true this comfort, then I fynde:
Cassandras felly is as her brothers, faple,
 Then wyll she floupe, (in chafe) when Lorde adayle.
 Pro. The contrary (thzough feare) doth worke my payne,
 For in her face, such modesty doth raigue,
 As cuttes of louing futes, with chaffe disdayne.
 Phal. What loue wyll not, necessity shall gayne,
 Her byethers lyfe, will make her glad and gayne.
 Pro. What is it best, *Andrugio* free to set,
 Ere I am sure, his spylers loue to gette?
 Phal. My lonyng Lord, your seruauit meanes not so,
 But if you will, else where in secret goe:
 To worke your wyl, a thift I hope to shoue.

Pro. With

of Promos and Cassandra.

Pro. With ryght god wyll, for such my sickness is,
As I shall dye, if her good will I mys. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 5.

The Hangman, with a greate many ropes about
his necke.

He wynd is yll, blowes no mans gaine, for cold I néede not care,
Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparrell for my share:
And some berladie very good, for so standeth the case,
As neyther gentelman, nor other Lord, Promos sheweth Grace.
But I maruell much poore slanes, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont, to staye a day or two, now scarce an after noone:
All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreading sore,
Would cutters saue, whose clothes are good, I neuer feard the poore:
Let mee see, I must be dapper in this my facultie,
Heare are new ropes, how are my knots, I faith sy: slippery.
At last or loose, with my Giptian, I meane to haue a cake:
Tenne to one I read his fortune by the Marymas fast,
Serg. A way, what a star is this, to see men goe to hanging:
Has. Marke, god blow ye, I must begone, the prisoners are a coming.
Exit.

Actus. 2. Scena. 9.

Sixe prisoners bounde with cordes, Two Hacksters, one
Woman, one lyke a Giptian, the rest poore Roges, a Prea-
cher, with other Offycers.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crye:
Vnto our sutes, good God accorde,
Which thus appeale, to thy mercie.

They sing.

Chorus

For

The Historie

Forfake vs not, in this distresse,
Which vnto thee, our sinnes confesse:
Forfake vs not, in this distresse,
V Which vnto thee, our sinnes confesse.

*First
Hacker,*

HAc. Al sorts of men be lowre by vs, whom present death assaults,
Looke in your conscience what you find, & so lowre for your faults:
Exemple take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride,
I for my part deserued death, long ere my theft was spide,
O careles youth, leaue, leaue alwaye, with enerie pleasing toy,
Note well my wordes, they are of worth, y cause though my annoy,
Shun to be pranked, in peacocks plumes, for gaze which only are,
Hate, hate, the dyce, euen as the diuell, of wanton Dames beware:
These, these, were they, y sucked my welth, what solowed thē in neede
I was intist by lawles men, on thowith spoyles to feede.
And nussed once in wicked dedes, I feard not to offende,
From bad, to worse, and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But oh presuming ouer much, I yll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found, and I adiudge, to totter in a rope:
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of lawes,
For murder some, for theuerie some, and some for litle cause.
¶ Beware deere friends of quarelling, thirst spoils of no māns breath,
Blood, areth blood, I thading blood, vntimeilie catch my death.
VVo. Maides & women, shun pride, & sloth, the rootes of euery vice,
By death ere lōg, wil shew their ends, God graūt it make you wise.
Ca. How now *Gypsians* All a more knowe, for want of company?
Be cruttie man, y *Hungman* straight, wil reade fortunes with thee.
Prea. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend offend him not,
His faultes are scorged, thine scape(perhaps) that do deserue his lot:
Rog. Iesus saue me, I am cast, for a purse with thre halpence.
Of. Dispatch prating knaue, and be hangd, y we were togging hēce.

*Second.
hacker.
A woman.
A scoffing
satchpole,
The prea-
cher.
A poore
Roge.
A chur-
ish officer.*

¶ They ley surablie depart synging. The *Preacher* whis-
pering some one or other of the *Prisoners* styll in the
eares

Our

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

Our secreete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
V Whome the worlde, doth hate in thrall.
Yet hope we that, thou wilt not see,
On whome alone, we thus do call.
Forlake vs not, in this distresse,
V Which vnto thee, our finnes confesse,
Forlake vs not, &c.

They sing.

Actus. 3. Scena. 1.

Promos, alone.

PRo. Do what I can, no reason cooles desire,
The more I strive, my soude affeetes to tame:
The hotter (oh) I feele, a burning fire
Within my breaſt, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
Astraying effectes, of blinde affected Loue,
From wisdomes pathes, which doth astraye our wittes:
Which makes vs haunt, that which our harmes doth moue,
A sicknesse lyke, the feuer Etticke ſittes:
Which shakes with colde, when we do burne like fire.
Euen so in Loue, we freeze, through chilling feare,
When as our hartes, both frye with hate desire:
What saide I: lyke to Etticke ſittes, nothing neare:
In so wretched Loue, some sweete is ever sought.
The Loner findeth peace, in twangling strife,
So that if paine, were from his pleasure pluckt,
There were no Heauen, like to the Lovers life.
But why stande I to pleade, their ioye or woe
And rest vnſure, of hir I wish to haue.
I knowe not if *Cassandra* loue, or no:
But yet admytte, she graunt not what I craue.
If I be nyce, to hir brother lyfe to giue:

Exit

The Historie

*Right
masters
right.*

Hir brothers life, soe much wyl make hir yeele,
I promise then, to let hir brother lye:
Hath force enough, to make hir die the fildes.
Thus though fate fayle, necessitie shall wyne,
Of Loyallie rule, the conquering powere is such:
But (oh sweete sight) see where she enters in,
Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2.

Cassandra, Promos.

*Cassandra
Speaks to
her selfe.*

*Shee knee-
ling speaks
to Pro-
mos.*

CASS. I see two thralles, sweete seemes a litle ioye,
If oz fancies free, *Andrugios* bzeast hath scope:
But least detract, doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne, to happe his hope,
See, as I wylt, *Lord Promos* is in place,
Powe in my sute, God graunt I maye finde grace.
RENOWNED *Lozde*, whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes, I binde my selfe to thee:
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
Yet once againe, on knees I mercie seeke:
In his behalfe, that hangges twene death and life,
Who styll is pzeast, if you the mendes do lecke:
His lawles loue, to make his lawfull wife.

PRO. Faire Dame, I wel haue wayd thy sute, & wyl to do the god,
But all in vaine, al things conclud, to haue thy brothers blood:
The stricknes of the laue condemnes, an ignoraunt abuse,
Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt, oz cloked with excuse:
And what maye be moze wylfull, then a Maide to violate.

CASS. The force was smal, when with hir wyl, he tozetch y conquest

PRO. I aue euer at the wo:st, doth consiter euyl intent. (gate.

CASS. And lawe euen with the wo:st, awardest them punishment:

And sith that rigozous lawe adiudgd him to dye,
Pour glozie will be much the moze, in shewing him mercie.

The

of Promos and Cassandra.

The world will think, how I you do, but graunt him grace on caufe,
 And where caufe is, there mercy should abate the force of lawes.
 Pro. *Cassandra* in thy brothers halfe, thou hast sayde what may be
 And for thy sake, it is, if I doe set *Andrugio* free:
 Short tale to make, thy beauty hath, sorpyced mee with loue.
 That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts, as blynd affections moue.
 And quite subdude by *Cypids* might, neede makes mee sue for grace
 To thee *Cassandra*, which doest holde, my freedom in a lace.
 Pheebe to my will, and then commaund, euen what thou wilt of mee,
 Thy brothers life, and all that else, may with thy liking grae.
 Cas. And may it be, a Iudge himself, the selfe same fault should vse: *Cassandra*
 For which he domes, an others death, & crime without excuse. *to hir self.*
 Renowned Lorde, you vse this speach (I hope) your thall to trye,
 If other wise, my brothers life, so deare I will not bye.
 Pro. Faire Dame my out ward looks, my inward thoughts be to say,
 If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a keye.
 Cas. If that you loue (as so you saye) the force of loue you know,
 Which sealt, in conscience you should, my brother fauour shew.
 Pro. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still, both set another free.
 Cas. What so warre seeks, loue vnto warre, contrary is, you see.
 Hate fostreth warre, loue cannot hate, then maye it couet force.
 Pro. The Louer ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse:
 When if he hap to haue a helpe, to wynn his frowarde foe,
 To kinde a sole, I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.
 Cas. Well, to be short, my selfe will dye, ere I my honoz staine,
 You know my minde, leaue off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.
 Pro. Betthink your self, at price inough I purchase sweet your loue,
Andrugios life suffis'd alone, your straungenes to remoue:
 The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you will require.
 Who buyeth loue at such a rate, payes well for his desire.
 Cas. No *Promos*, no, honoz neuer at value maye be solde,
 Honoz farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde:
 Pro. To buye this Iuell at the full, my wife I may the make:
 Cas. For vn sure hope, that pæreles pearle, I neuer will forsake.
 Pro. These sutes seemes strange at first I see, wher modesty beares
 I therfore will set down my will, & for hir answer staye. *(Sway, To himselfe.)*
D! Faire

The Historie

Fayre *Cassandra*, the iuell of my ioye,
 Howe so in shoue, my tale, seemes straunge to thee:
 The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,
 Yet for to giue thee respite to agree,
 I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent,
 V Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
 Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to preuent.)
 Vnto my Court, some night, sweet wenche repaire,

Tyl then adue, thou these my woꝝds, in woꝝks perfoꝝm'd shalt find.

Caf. Farewel my Lord, but in this sute, you bootles wast your wind:
Cassandra, I most unhappy, subiect to euerie woe, (How?)
 What toꝝgue can tel, what thought coꝝcine, what pen thy grieſe can
 Whom to ſcurge, Nature, heauē & earth, do heapes of thꝝal oꝝdaine,
 Whose woꝝds in waſte, whose woꝝks are loſt, whose wiſhes are in
 That which to others coꝝfoꝝt yelds, doth canſe my heauy cheer, (vaine,
 I meane my beautie bꝝades my bale, which many hold ſo dære.
 I woulde to God that kinde eſe where, beſtoꝝwed had this blaſe,
 My vertues then had woꝝought regard, my ſhape now giues y gæſe:
 This ſoꝝme ſo *romos* ſiers with Loue, as wiſdom can not quenche.
 His hote deſire, tyll he luſt, in *Venus* ſeas hath dꝝencht.

At theſe wordes *Ganio* muſt be readie to ſpeake,

Actus. 3. Scena. 3.

Ganio, *Andrugios* boye, *Cassandra*,

G A. Miſſes *Cassandra*, my Maſter lōgs to heare of your good ſpæd,
Caf. Woe *Ganio* his death alas, ſierce Foꝝtune hath deſtroyd:
Ga. His death: God ſoꝝtyd, all his hope ſhould turne to ſuch ſucceſſe,
 Foꝝ Gods ſake, no and coꝝfoꝝt him, I ſoꝝrowe his diſtreſſe.
Caf. I nēdes muſt go, although with heauy chære.
Ga. Sir, your ſiſter *Cassandra* is here. *Exit.*

Alas,

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

Actus. 3. Scena. 4.

Andrugio out of prison, Cassandra on the stage.

AN. My *Cassandra* what newes, good sister shewe?

Cas. All things conclude thy death *Andrugie*:

Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.

An. My death, alas what rayed this new dismayne?

Cas. Not Justice zeale, in wicked *promos* sure:

An. Sinate, shew the cause, I must this dome indure?

Cas. If thou dost liue I must my honoꝝ lose,

Thy raunsome is, to *promos* fleshly wyll

That I do yelde: then which I rather chose,

With toꝝments sharpe, my selfe be first should kyll:

Thus am I bent, thou sawst thy death at hand,

I would my life, would satisfie his yre,

Cassandra then, wuld cancell some thy band.

An. And may it be a Judge of his account,

Can spot his minde, with lawles loue or lust?

But moze, may he doome any fault with death?

When in such saute, he findes himselfe iniust.

Syster, that wise men loue we often see,

And where loue rules, gainst thoznes doth reason spurne.

But who so loues, if he reiected be,

His passing loue, to pœuish hate will turne.

Deare sister then, note how my fortune stands,

That *Promos* loue, the like is oft in vse:

And sith he craue, this kindnesse, at your hands,

Thinke this, if you his pleasure do refuse.

I in his rage (poore wretched) shall sing *reccano*.

Here are two euils, the best harde to digest,

But where as things are diuē into necessity,

There are we byd, of both euils chouse the least:

D. 4

And

The Historie

Cal. And of these euils, the least, I hold is death,
 To shun whose dart, we can no meane deuise,
 Yet honoz lyues, when death hath done his woꝝst,
 Thus same then lyfe is of farre moze emprise:
 An. Nay *Cassandra*, if thou thy selfe submyt,
 To saue my life, to *promos* deathly wyll,
Iustice wyll say, thou dost no crime commit:
 For in foꝝst faultes is no intent of yll.
 Cal. How so th'intent, is construed in offence,
 The *D*ouerbe saies that tenne god turnes lye dead,
 And one yll daide, tenne tymes beyonde pꝛtence,
 By enuious tongues, report aboꝛde doth spread
Andrugio so, my fame, shall ballewed be,
Dispite wyll blase my crime, but not the cause:
 And thus although I sayne would set thee free,
 Dooꝛe wench I feare, the gꝛype of flanders palwes.
 An. Nay sweete sister moze flaunder would in fame,
 Your spotles lyfe, to reauue your bꝛothers bꝛeath:
 When you haue powꝛe, foꝛ to enlarge the same,
 Once in your handes, doth lye my lyfe, and death.
 May that I am, the selfe same flesh you are,
 Thinke I once gone, our house will goe to wꝛack:
 Knowe foꝛced faultes, foꝛ flaunder neede not care:
 Loke you foꝛ blame, if I quaille through your lack.
 Consider well, my great extremitie,
 If other wise, this doome I could reuoke:
 I would not spare, foꝛ any ierberdꝛe:
 To free thee wench, from this same heauy yoke.
 But ah I see, else, no way saues my life.
 And yet his hope, may further thy consent,
 He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wife,
 And t'is likelic, he can not be content
 With one nights ioye: if loue he after seekes,
 And I dischargd, if thou alowse then be,
 Before he lose thy selfe, that so he leekes,
 No doubt but he, to marriage, wyll agree.

Cal. And

of Promos and Cassandra.

Cas. And shall I sticke to Houpe, to Promos wyll,
 Since my brother inioyeth lyfe thereby:
 So, although it doth my credit kill,
 Ere that he should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
 My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
 Cassandra is wonne, thy raunsome great to paye,
 Such care she hath, thy thraldome to releace:
 As she consentes, her honoꝝ foꝝ to lay.
 Farewell, I must, my virgins needes so, sake:
 And lyke a page, to Promos lewde repayre. *Exit.*
 An. My god sister to God I thee betake,
 To whome I pray, that comforte change thy care.

Actus. 3. Scena. 5.

Phallax alone.

Phal. 'Tis moze then strange, to see Lord Promos plight,
 He fryskes abought, as byrdes ware in his byecch.
 Euen now he seemes (thzough hope) to taste delight,
 And fraight (thzough feare) where he claimes it doth not ych.
 He museth now, frayght wayes the man doth sing.
 (A sight in sooth, vnseemely foꝝ his age:)
 He longing lookes, when any netwes shal bring,
 To speake with him, without there waytes a page,
 O woꝝ thy wit (fyt foꝝ a Iudges head)
 Vnto a man to chaunge a shiftles mayde.
 Wrynke not on me, t was his, and not my deede:
 His, nay, his rule, this Metamorphos made,
 But Holla tongue, no moze of this I pray,
Non bonus est, ludere cum sanctis.
 The quietest, and the thzpstiest course they say,
 Is, not to checke, but praye great mens amys,
 I finde it true, foꝝ soothing Promos haine:
 None lyke my selfe, is lykte in his conceyte,
 While

The Historie

While fauour laſt, then good, I ſiſh for gaine:
(For Grace will not byte alwayes at my bayte)
And as I wiſh, at hande, god Fortune, ſee:
Here comes Phallax, and Gripax, but what's this,
As good, as ſayze handſell, God graunt it bee:
The knaues hzing a Woman, *Coram nobis*,

Actus. 3. Scena. 6.

¶ Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Bedell, and one with a browne Byll,
bring in *Lamia*, and Roſke hir man.

(Ware,

L A. Leare not my clothes my friends, they coſt more the you are a
Be. Tuff, ſon you ſhal haue a blew gown, for theſe take you no care
Ro. If ſhe take thy offer poze knaue, thy wiſe would ſtarue in cold:

Gri. Well ſyz, whipping ſhall keepe you warme.

Phal. What meanes theſe knaues to ſcolde.

Ra. Haſtner Phallax, we finde you in god time,

A Woman here, we haue brought aſoze you:

One to be chargde with many a wanton crime.

Which tryall will, with poſe inough finde true:

A knaue of hrs, we haue ſtayed likewise,

Both to be vs'd, as you ſhall vs aduiſe.

Phal. What call you hir name?

Ra. *Lamia*.

Phal. Faire Dame, hereto what do you ſaye?

La. Worſhipfull Sir, my ſelfe I happy reake,

With patience that my aunſwer you will heare:

Theſe naughtie men, theſe wordes on mallice ſpeake,

And for this cauſe, yll wyll to me they beare.

I ſcoznde to keepe, their mindes with money playe,

I meane to keepe, my life from open ſhame,

Pea, if I ly'd, as lewdlie as they ſaye:

But I that knewe, my ſelfe vntwoz thy blame:

Shrunk not, to come vnto my triall nowe,

My tale is tolde, conceyue as lyketh you.

Phal. *ap*

of Promos and Cassandra.

Phal. My friends, what prooffe haue you againſt this dame:
Speake on ſure ground, leaſt that you reape the ſhame:
The wrong is great, and craues great recompence.
To touch her honeſt name, without offence.

Gri. All *Julio* ſay doth ryng of her lewd lyfe:

Byl. In dede ſhe is kiewne for an ydle huſwife.

Roſ. He lyes, ſhe is occupied day and night.

Phal. To ſwear againſt her is there any wight?

Ra. No, not preſent, but if you do delayne her.

There wilbe found by oth, ſome that wyll ſtayne her.

Phal. If ſhe is then on ſuſpition ſtayed:

Whoſe faultes to ſearch, vpon my charge is layde,

From charge of her I therfore will ſet you free,

My ſelfe will ſearch her faultes if any be,

A Gods name you may depart.

2 oz. 3. ſpeake, God blyſſe ſay.

Gri. In ſuch ſhames as this, henceforth I will begin,

For all is his, in his clawes, that cometh in.

Exeunt.

Phal. ſay: *Lamia*, ſince that we are alone,

I plainly wyll diſcourſe to you my minde,

I thinke you not to be ſo chaſt a one,

As that your lyfe, this ſauoz ought to ſende:

No force, for that, ſince that you ſcot free goe,

Unpunished, whoſe life is iudged yll:

Yet thinke (througħ loue) this grace the Iudge doth ſhow,

And loue with loue ought to be answered ſyll.

La. Andade I graunt (although I could reſpōne,

Their lewde Complayntes, with goodnelle of my lyfe)

Your curteſy, your better doth me proue,

In that you tooke (my honeſt fame in ſtryfe,)

My aunſwere for diſcharge of their repozt:

For which god turne, I at your pleaſure reſt,

To worke amends, in any honeſt ſort:

Phal. Away with honeſty, your anſweare then in looſh,

It ſets me as lumps as a pudding a friars mouth.

The Historie

Ros. He is a craftie childe, dally, but do not.

La. Tush, I warrant thee, I am not so whor,
Your words are to harde Sir, for me to conser.

Phal. Then to be so, your rare belotic my hart hath wounded so,
As (say your loue, become my leach) I sure shall die with woe.

La. I see no signe of death, in your face to appeare,
Die out some vsuall qualme you haue, pitifull Dames to feare.

Phal. Faire *Lamia*, trust me I saine not, betimes bestow som grace.

La. Well, I admit it so, onelic to ar que in your case.

I am married, so that to set your loue on me were vaine:

Phal. It suffiseth me, that I may your secrete friend remaine.

Ros. A holie Wode, makes not a frrier deuoute,
He will play at small game, or he lisse out.

La. Though for pleasure, or to proue me, these profers you do moue,
You are to wise, to hassarde life, vpon my yeelbing loue:

The man is painde with present death, that vseth wanton pleasure.

Phal. To scape such paine, wise men, these ioyes, without suspect ca
Furthermoze, I haue ben (my Gidle) a Lawier to to lög: (measure.
If at a pinche, I cannot wrest the Law from right to wrong,

La. If lawe you do professe, I glablie craue,
In a cause or two, your aduise to haue.

Phal. To resolue you, you shall commaunde my skyll.

Wherfoze like friendes, lets common in god wyll.

La. You are a merie man, bnt leaue to teast,

To morowe night, if you will be my Guest:

At my pore house, you shall my causes knowe,

For god cause, which I meane not here to howe.

Phal. Willinglie, and for that, haffe calles me hence,

My sate tyll then, shall remaine in suspence:

Farewell Tyent, to morow loke for me: Exit.

La. Your god welcome Sir, your best cheere will be.

Ros. I tolde you earst, the nature of *phallax*,

Money, or faire Women, woakes him as ware:

And yet I must commend your sober cheere,

You tolde your tale, as if a Saint you were.

La. Amen

of Promos and Cassandra.

La. Well (in secret, be it sayde) how so I seemd diuine,
I feared once, a blew golwe, would haue bene my shine.
But nowe that paine is dead, and pleasure keepes his holde,
I knowe that *Phallax* will, my flame henceforth bpholde:
To entertaine which Geast, I will some dayntie chere prepare,
Yet ere I go, in pleasant Song, I meane to purge my care.

☞ A due poore care, adue,
Go, cloye some helpes wretche:
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretch.

The Song.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong, hath wrapt, in woe:
But wrong, doth take my parte,
VVith cloke of right in shoe.

My faultes, inquirie scape,
At them the Iudges winke:
Those for my fall that gape,
To shoue my lewdnesse shrinke.

Then silly care go packe,
Thou art no Geast for mee:
I haue, and haue, no lacke,
And lacke, is throwde for thee.

Exunt.

Actus. 3. Scena. 7.

Cassandra, apparelled like a Page.

CAs. Unhappy wretche, I blush my selfe to see,
Apparelled thus monstrous to my kinde:
But oh, my wodes, well with my fault agree,
When I haue please, lewde *Promos* fleshly minde.

☞

What

The Historie

What shall I doe, yo proffer what he sought:
 Or on more sure, shall I giue my consent:
 The best is sure, since this must needs be wrought:
 I go, and Howe, nae makes me to his bent.
 My fluddes of teares, from true intent which flow.
 Hee quenche his lust, or ope his musted eyen,
 To see that I deserue to be his wife:
 Though now constrainde to be his Concubine.
 But so, or no, I must the bent er giue,
 No daunger feares the wight, prickt forth by neede:
 And thus lyke one more glad to dye, then lyue,
 I so:warde set, God graunt me well to spade.

Exit.

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Dalia. Lamias Maide, going to market.

DA. With my Mistresse, the two:be is changed well,
 The feare of late, of whipping chaire to smell:
 And now againe, both gallant, fresh and gaye,
 Who in *Julio* hauntes it out, lyke *Lamias*?
 A luckie friende (yea, one that beareth swaye)
 Is now become, a prope, of such a daye:
 To hir god name, as who is he dare saye:
 That *Lamia* doeth offende, now any waye?
 This, hir god friende, wyl be hir Geat this night,
 And that he maye in his welcome deleyght,
 To market I, in haste, am sent to buye,
 The best cheare, that, I fasten on my eye.

Exit.

Actus

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus.4.Scena.2. 2.

Promos alone.

PRO. By proofe I finde, no reason coles desire,

Cassandraes sute, sufficed to remoue

My lewde request, but contrarie, the fire,

Hir teares inflam'd, of lust, and filthy Loue.

And hauing thus, the conquest in my handes,

No prayer seru'de to wozke restraint in me:

But needes I woulde vntye the precious bandes,

Of this fayre Dames spotles Virginitie.

The spoyle was swete, and wonne euen as I woulde,

And yet vrgainde, tyll I had giuen my trothe,

To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde

Be free from death, all which I bounde with oathe:

It resteth nowe (vnlesse I wzong hir much)

I kepe my vowe: and shall *Andrugio* haue

Such grace woulde me, with vniindifferencie such.

To pardon him, that dyd commit a Rape,

To let him free, I to *Cassandra* sware:

But no man else, is priuate to the same,

And rage of Loue, for thousande oathes nyll spare,

More then are kept, when gotten is the game.

Well, what I sayde, then Louer like I sayde,

Nowe reason sayes, vnto thy credite loke:

And hauing well, the circumstaunces wayde,

I finde I must, vnswear the oathe I toke:

But double wzong, I so shoulde do *Cassandra*:

No force for that, my might, commaundeth right,

Hir preiue maime, hir open cryes will staye:

O: if not so, my frowning will hir fright,

And thus shall rule, conceale my filthy deede.

Nowe forthwith, I wyll to the Chayler sende,

That secretelie *Andrugio* he behead,

Whyle head he shall, with these same wordes commend.

The Historie

To *Cassandra*, as *Promos* promist thee,
From prison loe, he sendes thy Brother free.

Actus. 4. Scena. 3.

Cassandra.

CAs. Fayne would I wretch conceale, the spoyle of my virginity,
But my gilt doth make mee blush, chaste virgins here to see:
I monster now, no mayde nor wife, haue troupe to *Promos* lust,
The cause was nether sute nor teares, could quench his wātō thirst
What cloke wyl scuse my crime? my selfe, my conscience doth accuse
And shall *Cassandra* now be termed, in common speache, a scelous?
Shall she, whose vertues bare the bell, be calld a vicious dame:
O cruell death, nay bell to her, that was constraind to shame:
Alas few wyll giue forth I send, to save my brothers life:
And fayntly I through *Promos* othes, doe hope to be his wife.
For louers leare not how they sweare, to win a Lady sayre,
And hauing wonne what they bid with, for othes nor Lady care,
But be he iust or no, I ioye *Andrugio* yet shail ipe,
But ah, I see a light, that ooth my hart a sander rpe.

Actus. 4. Scena. 4.

Gaylar, with a dead mans head in a charger. Cassandra.

GAy. This present wilbe Calle I know, to sayre *Cassandra*,
Yet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say,
In good tyme, see where she doth come, to whom my arrand is:
Cas. Alas his hasty pace to me, shoves some what is amys.
Gay. Sayre *Cassandra* my Lord *Promos*, commends him vnto the,
To kepe his word, who sayes from prison he sends thy brother free.
Cas. As my *Andrugio* done to death: spe. spe o' saythles trust,
Gay. Be quiet Lady, law found his fault, the was his iudgemēt iust
Cas. Well

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

Cas. Wel my god friend, how *Promos* this, since late hath don this
I thank him yet, he would vouchsaf on me my brothers head, (and
I see this is all now geue me leaue to reioyce his losse alone.

Gay. I wyll perforce me your will, and with you cease your mone,

Cas. Fare well.

Gay. I sure had sholwen what I had done, her teares I pittied so,
But that I wayde, that women syld, do dye with græfe and woe,
And it behoues me to be secret or else my neck verse run,
Till now to pack my dead man hence, it is bye tyme I run.

Cas. As he past sight, then haue I tyme to wayle my woes alone,
Andrugio, let mee his thyppes, yet ere I fall to mone.

O would that I could waite to teares, to wash this bladdie face,
Which fortune farre beyond desert hath followed with disgrace.
O *Promos* false, and most unkinde, both spoyld of loue and ruth,
O *Promos* thou dost wound my hart, to thinke on thy vntrath,
Whose plighted faith, is tounrd to frauld, & woordes to woordes vnjust
Which doe I lye unhappy wench, syth treason quites my trust,
O death deuorse me wretch at once, from this same wooldly lyfe,
But why do I not slay my selfe, for to appease thys stryfe?

Perhaps within this wombe of myne, an other *Promos* is:

I so by death shalbe auengd of him in murd'ring his,
And ere I am assured that, I haue reuengd this dede,
Shall I dispatch my lothed life: that haile, weare moze then spæde.
So *Promos* would triumphe that none bis Tyranny should know,
No, no this wicked fact of his so lightly shall not goe:

The king is iust and mercifull, he doth both heare and see:
See mens desarts, heare their complaynts, to Iudge with equity.

My twofull case with spæde, I wyll vnto his grace addresse,

And from the first, vnto the last, the truth I wyll confesse,

So *Promos* thou, by that same lawe shalt lose thy bated b'eth,

Throughe breach wherof, thou didst condemne *Andrugio* vnto death

So doing yet, the woold will say I broke *Dianes* lawes, (cause:

But what of that: no shame is myne, when truth hath sholue me

I am resolued, the king shall knowe of *Promos* iniury,

Yet ere I goe, my brothers head, I wyll ingraued see.

Exit.

E.ii

Actus. 4.

The Historie

Actus. 4. Scena. 5.

Gayler, *Andrugio*.

Gay. *Andrugio*, as you loue our liues, forthwitht poss you away,
For Gods sake to no lving friend, your safety yet betwape:

The pzouerbe sayth, two may keepe counsell if that one be gone.

An. Afore thy selfe, most faithfull friend, I wylbe knowne to none:

To none alas, I see my scape yeldes me but small release,

Cassandra. and *Polina* wyl destroye themselves, with greafe:

Throught thought y I am dead: they dead, to liue what helpeth me:

Gay. Leafe of these plaints of smal auaille, thank God y you are free,

For God it was, within my mind, that did your safety moue,

And that same God, no doubt wyl worke for your and their behouise:

An. Most faithfull friend, I hope that God, wyl worke as you do say,

And therfore, to some place unknowne, I wyl my selfe conuaye,

Gayler, fare wel: for thy god sake, I must remayne thy debter,

In meane whyle yet receyue this gyft, tyll fortune sende a better:

Gay. God blyss sy, but kepe your money, your need you do not know:

An. I pas not now for fortune threates, yea though hir force the show

And therfore: I seek not to receyue this smale reward in part.

Gay. I wyl not sure, such pzoffers leaue, tps time you doe depart.

An. Since so thou wilt, I wylbe gone adoe tyl fortune smile. *Exit.*

Gay. Sy, fare you wel, I wyl not sayle to pray for you the while.

Well, I am glad, that I haue sent him gone,

For by my sayth, I lpo'd in perious feare:

And yet God wot, to see his bytter mone,

When he should dye, would force a man to beare,

From harming him, if putty might beare sway:

But see how God hath wrought for his safety:

A dead mans head, that suffered th'other day,

Makes him thou'ht dead, throught out the citie.

Such a iust, god and righteous God is he:

Although awhyle he let the wicked raygne,

Yet he relantes, the wretch in misery,

And

of Promos and Cassandra.

And in his pynde, he thzowes the tyrant downe;
I use these wordes, upon this onely thought,
That Promos long his rod can not escape:
Who hath in thought, a wyllfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act performd a wicked rape,
Gods wyll be done, who well Andrugio speake,
Once well I hope, to heare of his good lucke,
For God thou knowest my conscience dyd this deede,
And no desire of any worldly mucke, Exit,

Actus. 4. Scena. 6.

Dalia from Market.

DA. In god sweete soth, I feare I shalbe spent,
It is so long: since I to market went,
But trust me, wylowile are such costly geare,
Specially, woodcocks, out of reason deare,
That this houre, I haue the market bett,
To diue a bargayne to my most profyt:
And in the end I chaunst to light on one,
Hyt me as pat, as a pudding *pope lone*,
Other market maydes payd done for their meate,
But that I haue bought, on my scoze is set,
Well fare credit when mony runneth low,
Garry yet, Butchers, the which do credit so:
(As much Good meate, as they kyll) may perchance,
Be glad and sayne at herping cobs to daunce.
What force I that: euery man thyft for one,
For if I starue, let none my fortune mone,
She saynes to goe out,

Actus.

The Historie

Actus. 4. Scena. 7.

Grimball, Dalia, eyther of them a Basket.

Gri. Goffe *Dalia*, a thowde with you, I praye.

Da. What friend, *Grimball*, welcome as I maye saye:

Gri. Sayst thou me so, then kysse me so: acquaintance.

Da. If I like your manhode, I may do so perchaunce.

She saynes to looke in his basket.

Gri. Wate me an ase, quoth *Boulton*, *Luth*, your minde I know:
As for, you would, be like, let my Cocke Sparrowes goe.

Da. I warrant thee *Grimball*. She takes out a v white pudding:

Gri. Laye off handes *Dalia*.

You polute me, if that you got, my Pudding atwaye:

Da. Nay god swate, honny *Grimball*, this Pudding giue me.

Gri. Iche were as god gate hir, for she wyll hate, I see.

Well, my nown god harte rote, I freelie giue thee this,

Upon condition, that thou giue me a kys.

Da. Nay, but first wash your lippes, with sweete water you shall,

Gri. Why ych was ryte now, for my Pudding, hony sweet *Grimball*:

Well *Dalia*, you will scoute so long. tyll (though I saye)

With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man away,

Wherfore tote Conny, euen a lyttle spurte:

Da. Laye off handes Sir:

Gri. God do not byte, for ych meane thee no hurte:

Come off Wyggelnie, prefarre me not a tote,

Da. What would be the god sole haue,

Gri. Why, you wot whote.

Hearke in your eare:

Da. You shall commaunde, so proper a man ye are.

That for your sake, I wyll not sticke to ware:

A blew Cassocke, during my lyfe forsothe,

Nary for my sake, I would be berie lothe:

So goodlie a handsome man, thou'd lose his head.

Gri. Nay,

of Promos and Cassandra.

Gri. Pay, for my head, care not a Winters tozde,
 For to God iudge me, and at one bare worde:
 Ple lose my death, yea, and my great vroluine Cotwe,
 I loue you so filthilie: laſt ye nowe.

Da. Thou ſayeſt valiantlie, nowe ſing, as well too:
 And thou ſhalt quicklie knowe, what I meane to do.

Gri. Yes by Gogs ſote, to pleasure thee, ych shall,
 Both ſyng, ſpyng, fight and playe, the deſt and all.

Da. Diliſilie:

The Song,

Gri. Come ſmack me, come ſmack me, I long for a ſmouch,

Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie ſine ſlouch.

Gri. Heard howe I loue thee,

Da. This can not moue mee:

Gri. Why pretie Bygsney, my harte, and my honny?

Da. Becauſe godman Hogſface, you woe without mony.

Gri. I lacke mony, chy graunt,

Da. Then Grimball auant.

Gri. Cham yong ſweete hart, and ſeate, come kysſe me for loue,

Da. Crokeſhanke, your ſowle is to great, ſuch lykng to moue.

Gri. What meane you by this?

Da. To leaue thee by gys.

Gri. Firſt ſmack me, firſt ſmack, I dye for a ſmouch,

Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy ſine ſlouch. Exit.

Gri. Dalia, arte thou gone? what wilt ſerue me ſoe?

O God, cham readie to rape my ſelfe for woe:

Be valiaunt Grimball, kyll thy ſelfe man?

Pay, burne Ladie, I will not by Saint Anne,

Ich haue hearde my great Grandſier ſaye:

Maide will ſaye naye, and take it: and ſo ſhe maye,

And therfore chyll, to Miſtreſſe Lamia,

With theſe Puddings, and Cock Sparowes, by and by:

And in the darke, againe, ych wyll hir trepe. Exit.

The Historie

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

Phallax alone.

Phal. I maruell much what workeeth so my Lord *Promos* vntill,
 He fares as if a thousand Deuils, were gnawing in his brest:
 There is sure some worne of griece, that doth his conscience nip,
 For since *Andrugio* lost his head, he hath hung downe the lippe.
 And truth to say, his fault is such as well may greue his mynd,
 The Deuill himselfe could not haue vsde, a practise moze vnkind.
 This is once, I loue a woman, for my life, as well as he, (mae.
 But (saye dames) with her that loues me. I deale well with, trust
 Well, leaue I now my Lord *Promos*, his owne deedes to aunswere,
Lamia I know looke, and double looke, when I come to supper:
 I thought as much: for, to seeke me, heare coms her Aple squier.

Actus. 5. Scena. 2.

Rosko. Phallax,

Ros. O that I could find Master *Phallax*, the meat burnes at fire:
 And by your leaue, *Andrugios* death, doth make my mistris sweate.

Phal. How now *Rosko*?

Ros. If you see: my Mistris doth intreate,

That withall speede, your worship will come a way to supper:

The meate and all is ready to set vpon the boarde say.

Phal. Gramercy for thy paynes, I was euen comming to her.

Ros. You are the welcomst man alyue to her I know,

And trust me at your commaundement remaineth poore *Rosko*.

Phal. It is honestly sayd, but now tell me,

What quality hast, that I may vse thee,

Ros. I am a Warbour, and when you please say,

Call (and spare not) for a cast of rose water.

Phal. But heare me, canst thou heale a graine wound well?

Ros. Yea, graine and ould.

Phal. When thy best were to dwel,

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

In some vsuall place or stræte, where, though frapes,
 Thou mayst be set a worke with wounds alwaye s,
 Ros. I thanke my *Philis* I haue my hands full,
 To trym gentelinen of her acquaintaunce:
 And I trust sye, if that your worshop chaunce,
 To haue neede of my helpe, I shall earne your mony,
 Afoze an other.

Phal. That thou shalt truly:

But syra, where dwels *Lamia*?

Ros. Euen heere sye, enter I pray.

Phal. That I wel iure, if that my way be cleare.

Ros. Yes sir, her doores be open all the yere.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 3.

*Polina, (the mayde, that Andrugio
 lov'd) in a blew gowne,*

PO. *Polina* curst, what daine a lyue hath cause of grieve lyke thee?
 Who (wonne by loue) hath yald the spoyle of thy virginitye
 And he soe to repayre thy same, to marry thee, that wolde,
 Is dene to death soe first offence, the second mends not lowde.
 Great shame redounds to thee, O *Loue*, in leauing vs in th'zall:
Andrugio and *Polina* both, in honoryng thee did falle.
 Thou so dydst witch our wits, as we from reason strayed quight,
 Prouokt by thee, we dyd refuse, no vauntage of delight:
 Delight, what did I say: nay death, by rash and fowle abuse,
 Alas I shame to tell thus much, though loue doe worke excuse,
 So that (saye daimes) from such consent, my accyents of barme,
 Forwarneth you, to keepe aloofe though loue your harts do arme,
 But ah *Polina*, whether runnes thy woordes into abuse.
 When others harmes, insooth by loue, could neuer make the wise.
 The cause is plaine, soe that in loue, no reason stands in stade,
 And reason is the onely meane, that others harmes we deade,
 When, that the world hereafter may, to loue inferre my yll,
Andrugios Tombe with dayly teares, *Polina* worshop wyll.

F y

And

The Historie

And further moze I vowde, whylst life in me both foster bzyeth,
 No one shall haunt of conquered loue, by my *Andrugio*s death,
 These shameful wordes, which forst I were that men my fault may
 Whylst that I liue, shall shew I moine for my *Andrugio*, (know:
 I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes, from sugred wordes I sent,
 I wyll not trust to careles othes, which often wye consent:
 I wyll cut off occasions all, which hope of my:th may moue,
 With ceaseles teares yle quench each cause, y kindleth coles of loue:
 And thus tyl death *Polina* wyll estraunge her selfe from ioy,
Andrugio, to reward thy loue which dyd thy life destroy. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scena. 4.

Rosko alone,

ROS. A Sye, in sayth, the case is alfred quight,
 My mistris late that liued in wretched plight:
 Wye care adue and euery cause of woe,
 The feare is fled, which made her sorrow so,
 Master *Phallax* so vnder props her same,
 As none for lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame.
 I feare (nay hope) she hath betwicht him so,
 As haulte his byybes, vnto her share will goe:
 No force for that, who others both deceyue,
 Deserues himselfe, lyke measure to receyue.
 Well, leaue I *Lamia*, for her selfe to pray,
 Better then I can sholue, who knowes the way:
 It stands me on, for my poore selfe to shyfte,
 And I haue founde a helpe at a dead lyfte:
 My oult friende *Grimbals* purse, with pence is full,
 And if I empty it not, *Dalia* will.
 The slauering sole, what he can rap and rend,
 (He loues her so) vpon the sylth wyll spend:
 But bye your leaue, yle barre her of this match,
 My net and all is set, the sole to catch.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Forsooth befoze his amorous sute he moue,
 He must be trimd to make her moze to loue.
 And in god sooth, the world shal hardly fall,
 But that he shalbe washt, pould, than'd and all:
 And see the luck, the foole is fast I know,
 In that with Rowke he doth so sadly goe.

Scena, 5. Grymball, Rowke, Roske.

Grim. God bozes, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
 I sayth she wyll come off for very shame:

Row. Yea without doubt for I sweare by saynt Anne:

My selfe loues you, you are so cleane a youngman.

Grim. Nay, thou woulst say so, when my face is sayre washt.

Row. God luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is masht.

Row. And who Barbes ye Grimball.

Grim. A dapper knaue, one Roske.

Row. Well letherface, we shall haue you Ass ere you goe.

Row. I know him not, is he a deaft barber?

Grim. O, yea, why he is Spicris Lamis powder,

And looke syrra, yea is the lyttell knaue.

How dost Roske?

Row. Ohope, my eye sight God sane,

What ould Grimball, welcome, sit you downe heare,

Boye?

Boy. Anon.

Row. Way leanes in warme water, quick, bying cleane geare,

Boy. Stragght.

Row. As thou sayd'st Grymball, this is a seate knaue indeede,

Row. How say'st? oymments for a scab, do you neede?

Row. Scab, scurvy Jack, ile set you a worke syr.

Grim. Nay gogs foote, god nowe, no moze of this stur.

Row. I sayth Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straight.

Row. Nay, to pick my purse, I feare thou dost wayght,

Row. Yea, gogs hart,

Grim. Nay, gogs foote,

At it

Row. Now

Boy in the
house.

The Historie

Ros. Po we come Kuffen.

Grim. Leauē, if you be mich,

Heare ye me now: be friends, and by my trothe,
Chill spende a whole quarte of Ale on you bothe.

Ros. Well, make Grimball, I lytle thought I was,
You would ha brought a knaue, to vse me thus.

Grim. Why, knowest him not? why it is lustie Rowke.

Ros. A strong thefe, I watrant him by his loke.

Row. Go to Barber, no more, least Copper you catch.

Grim. What? wilt giue thy nose a waie: beware that match.

For chy se no Copper, vnlest be theare.

Boy brings
water.

Boy. Pastur, here is delicate water, & cleane geare.

Exit.

Ros. Well, to quiet my house, and for Grimballs sake,
If it pleaseth you, as friends, we handes will shake.

Grim. I, I, do so:

Row. And for his sake I agree.

Grim. Well then, that we may drinke, straight wayes wash me.

Ros. Good say, here's water as swete as a Rose,
Po we whyles I wash, your eyes harde you must close.

Grim. Thus?

Ros. Harder yet:

Grim. O, thus:

Ros. Pea marry, so.

Po we say, you knowe what you haue to doe:

Rowke cuttes Grimballs purse.

Ros. Winke harde, Grimball.

Grim. Yes, yes, I shall.

Row. Heare's the tothpick, and all.

Exit.

Ros. Depart then tyll I call:

Merie well say, your face, is gayly cleane;

Where your teath nowe pickt, you maye kisse a queane?

Grim. Sayst thou me so? Oo nowe dispatch and a waie:

I euen saytell, vntyll I smouch Dalia.

Ros. O do you so: I am right glad you tell,

I else had thought, tad bene your teathe dyd smell.

Grim. O

of Promos and Cassandra.

Grim. O Lorde, gogs sote, you picke me to the quicke :

Ros. Quiet your selfe, your teath are furred thicke.

Grim. O, oh no moze, O God, I spattell blood,

Ros. I haue done, spyt out, this doth you much good:

Boye?

Boy. Anon.

Ros. Bring the drinke in the Poyringer.

To gargalis his teath. *Boy with- in.*

Boy. It is here sye. *Exit.*

Ros. Wash your teath with this, good maister Grimballe.

Grim. I am popsoned, ah, it is better gall:

Ros. Take these Comfyts, to sweeten your mouth with all.

Grim. Pea mary sye, these are gay sugred geare.

Ros. Their sweetnesse straight, wyll make you thinke I feare:

Grim. A Well no we, what must I paye, that chy were gone?

Ros. What you wyll.

Grim. Sayest me so? O cham vndone.

Ros. Holwe nowe Grimballe?

Grim. O Leard, my Purse is cutte.

Ros. When? where?

Grim. Nowe, here.

Ros. Boye, let the doze be shutte,

If it be here, we wyll straight wayes see,

Where's he, that came with you?

Grim. I can not tell.

Ros. What is hee?

Grim. I knowe not.

Ros. Where doth he dwell?

Grim. O Leard, I ken not I.

Ros. You haue done well.

This knaue, your pence, in his pocket hath purst:

Let's seeke him out.

Grim. Nay harkie, I must needes str:

O Learde, Learde, cham sicke, my belly akes, tow, tow:

Ros. Thou lokest yll: well, yle tell thee what to doe.

Since

The Historie

Since thou art so sicke, straight wayes, get thee home,
 To finde this Iacke, my selfe abroade wyll roine.
 The rather, for that he playde the knaue with me.
 Gri. I am sicke in deede, and therfore ych thanke thee:
 Ros. I see sometime, the blinde man hits a Crowe,
 He maye thanke me, that he is plagued soe:
 Gri. Well, well, *Dalia*, the Loue ych bare to thee,
 Hath made me sicke, and pickt my purse from me. Exit.
 Ros. A, is he gone: a sole company him,
 In good sothe Sir, this match sagedd frim:
 Well, I wyll trudge, to finde my fellewe *Rowke*,
 To share the pryce, that my deuise hath toke. Exit.

Actus. 5. Scena. 6.

Cassandra, in blacke.

CAS. The heauy charge, that Nature bindes me to,
 I haue perform'd, ingrau'd my Brother is:
 O woulde to God (to ease, my ceaseles woo)
 My wretched bones, intombd were with his.
 But O in vaine, this bootlesse wish, I vse,
 I, poore I must lyue in sorrowe. ioynde with Shame:
 And shall he lyue: that dyd vs both abuse?
 And quench throughe rule, the coles of iust reuenge:
 O: no, I wyll nowe hye me to the King:
 To whome, I wyll, recount my wretched state,
 Lewde *Promos* rape, my Brothers death and all:
 And (though with Shame, I maye this tale relate)
 To proue that force, enforced me to fall:
 When I haue showane, Lorde *Promos* foule misdeedes,
 This knife forthwith, shall ende my tooe and Shame,
 My goyed harte, which at his feete then bleedes,
 To scorge his faultes, the King wyll moze inflame.

of Promos and Cassandra.

In dares to doe, that I in wordes pretende,
I neuer abuse, my iourney, to the King:
Yet ere I go, as Swans sing at their ende,
In solemne Song, I meane my knell to ring.

Cassandraes Song.

Sith fortune thwart, doth crosse my ioyes with care,
Sith that my blisse, is chaungde to bale by fate:
Sith frowarde chaunce, my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I alas, must mone without a mate,
I wretch haue vowde, to sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

¶ Come grieffie grieve, torment this harte of mine,
Come deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath:
Come wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine:
Come cruell care, preferre my sute to death.
Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Exit.

FINIS.

G. W.

G.j



☞ The seconde parte of the Historie
of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

Actus. 1. Scena. 1.

¶ *Polina* in a blew Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet,
going to the Temple to praye, vpon *Andrugios* Tombe;



I promise is debt, and I my vowe haue past,
Andrugios Tombe, to walsh with daylie teares:
Which Sacrifices (although God wot in wast) I
will perforce, my Alter is of cares.
Of fuming sighes, my offering incense is,
My pittious playntes, in steede of Prayers are:
Yea, woulde to God in penance of my mys,
I with the rest, my loathed lyfe might share.
But O in vaine, I wish this welcomde ende,
Death is to glorie, to slaye the wretched wight:
And all so soone, he doth his forces bend,
To wounde their hartes, which wallowe in delight,
Yet in my care, styll goes, my passing Well,
So ofte as I, *Andrugios* death do minde:
So ofte as men, with poynted fingers tell,
Their friendes, my faultes, which by my weedes they finde.
But O the cause, with Death, which threatens me most,
I wish to dye, I dye through wretched woe,
My dying harte, desires to paye the ghost,
My traunces straunge, a present death forsellow.
But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
To breake the same, when roughest stormes laches might,
So wretched I, with every woe doe waste,
Yet care wants force, to kill my hart out ryght.
O gracious God and is my gilt so great,
As you the same, with thousand deathes must to reake?
You will it so, else care I could intreste?
With halfe these woes, my thyrd of lyfe, to breake.

The Historie

But what meant thou *Polina*, most accurst,
 To muse, why God, this penance ioynes thee to
 Whose correction, although we take at worst,
 To our great god he doth the same bestow.
 So that, syth græfe can not reloue my friend,
 Syth scroening syghes my sorowes cannot dyes
 Syth care himselfe, lackes force my lyfe to ende,
 Syth still I lyue that euery helme doe dye:
 Syth mighty God appoyntes my penance so,
 In moztnefull song I will my patience show,

Polinas Song.

A Myd my bale, the lightning ioy, that pyning care doth bring,
 VVith patience cheares my heauy hart, as in my vvoes I sing,
 I know my Gilt, I feele my scourge: my ease is death I see:
 And care (I fynde) by peccemeale vveares, my hart to set mee free.
 O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy vyll,
 VVith patience I, thy courages hyde, feede on my life thy tyll.
 Thy apperyte vvith syghes and teares, I dayly vvy! procure,
 And wretched I, wil vaile to death, throw when thou wilt thy Lure.

Exit, Polina,

Actus .i. Scena .2.

Enter a Messenger from the King.

I Haue at length (though toery come in tressy)
 Obtaynd a sight of *Julius* stately walles,
 A kings message, can not be done with fleshe:
 Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and byss,
 And I am sent, to *Loyd Promos* in post.
 To tel him that the king well see him prayght,
 But much I feare that *Promos* makes not boist:
 Of any gayne by his soueraynes receite,

But

of Promos and Cassandra.

But Holla tongue of laupsh spæche beware,
Though subiects oft in Princes meaning pryve,
They must their words, and not their myndes declare,
Unto which course I wyl my tongue apply,
Eord Promos shall my princes comming know,
My pryncie himselfe, the cause thereof shall show.

Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rosko Lamias man.

ROS. If possible that my Mistris Lamia,
Duer the shoes should b'en loue with shallax?
Why by Iesus (as she her selfe doth saye.)
With pure good wyl, her harte doth melt lyke ware:
And this I am sure, euery howze they themselues,
By their swæte selues, or by their letters greete.
But the sparte is to se the louing elues,
Wyll together when they in secret make.
She lowzes, he lauffes. She syghes throuwe pure loue;
Pay, nay, sayes he (god pugges) no moze of this:
Well, sayes she, and wapes, my grieve you do not proue.
Then stragbt this do, me is cheared with a kys,
And then aboth sides, she & wordes and a smouch:
Within hir eare, then whispereth this sdnach,
And by the way he stumpleth on her lypes.
Thus cyther stryues most louing signes to show,
Such good dw it them, syth they are both content,
Once I am sure; how so the game both goe,
I haue no cause their kyng to repent:
I syldome doe betwene them message beare,
But that I haue an Item in the hande,
Well, I must trudge to doe a certaine chare,
Which, take I tynie, cooke for my gayne both stand.

The strump
pers and
Crocodiles
teares a-
lyke.

Actus.

The Historie

Actus. I. Scena. 4.

Phallax, Dowson a Carpenter.

Phal. Dispatch Dowson, by with the frame quickly,
So space your rooms, as the nyne worthyes may,
Be so instauld, as best may please the eye.

Dow. Wery god, I shall:

Phal. Nay soft Dowson, stay:

Let your man at saynt Annes crosse, out of hande,
Creckt a stage, that the Mayghts in sight may stande.

Dow. Well you ought elsse:

Phal. Soft awbyle, let mee se,
On Iesus gate, the lowe vertues I trose,
Appoynted are to stand:

Dow. I see, they are so:

Phal. Well, then about your charge, I will soe se,
The Confort of Spuch, well plac'd to be.

Dow. I am gone.

Exit.

Actus I. Scena. 5.

The Bedell of the Taylers, Phallax.

Be. Heare you maister Phallax:

The Marchens of the Marchantaylers are,

Where (with themselves) they shall their Pageant place:

Phal. With what strange shewes, do they their Pageant grace?

Be. They haue Hercules, of Monsters conquering,

Huge great Giants, in a foyle fighting.

With Lyons, Beares, Wolves, Apes, Foxes, and Grayes,

Baiards, brookes, &c.

Phal. O wondrous trappes,

Happy they, since they are prouided thus,

Out of their wapes, God keepe pallier ridiculous.

2112 x

Be. You

of Promos and Cassandra.

Be. You are pleasant syz, but with spæde I pray,
You aunswere mee, I was charged not to stay.

Phal. Because I know, you haue all things currant,
They shall stand where they shal no biewers want:
How say you to the ende of Duche Alley?

Be. There all the beggers in the towne wilbe.

Phal. O, most attendaunce is, where beggers are,
Farewell; away.

Be. I wyll your wyll declare.

Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 6.

Phallax, Two men, apparrelled, lyke greene men at the
Mayors feast, with clubbes of fyre worke.

Phal. This geare sadgeth now, that these fellowes peare,
Friendes where waight you?

First. In Iesus stræte to keape a passadge cleare,
That the King and his trayne, may passe with ease.

Phal. O, very good,

Second. Dught else syz, do you please?

Phal. No, no: about your charge.

Both. We are gone:

Exeunt.

Phal. A syz, heare is thozt knowledge, to entertayne a kyng,

But O, O, *quid non pecunia?* yea, at a dayes warning?

The king in prouision that thought to take vs tardy,

As if we had a yeaere bene warnd, shall by his welcome see:

I haue yet one chare to do: but soft, heare is *Rosko*,

I must needs delpuer him a messadge befoze I goe.

Actus. I. Scena. 7.

Rosko, *Phallax*.

Ros. I sayth, I haue noble newes for *Lamia*,

Phal. Nay soft, friend *Rosko*, take myne in your way.

U. i.

Ros. Paister

The Historie

Ros. *After Phallax*, O say I cry you mercy,
 Phal. *Rosko* with spade tell thy *Pidris* from me,
 The King straight wayes wyl come to the Cytie:
 In whose great trayne there is a company,
 Within her house with me shall mery be,
 Therefore, for my sake, wyl her to force,
 To welcome them, that nothing wanting be,
 This is all I wyl, for want of leysure. *Exit.*
 Ros. I wyl not sayle say, to show your pleasure:
 Mary, in sayth, these newes shalles iumpe with the rest,
 They shalbe welcome and fare of the best:
 But although they well fyll their bodies thus,
 Their purses will be dyuen to a *non plus*:
 No force a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
 Better the purse then body starue of twayne.
 Well, I wyl trudge, my welcome newes to tell,
 And then abzoade, good company to smell. *Exit.*

Actus. 1. Scena. 8.

Corwinus the King, *Cassandra*, two counsellors,
 And *Vdislao*, a young noble man.

K^{Yng.} *Cassandra*, we draw neare vnto the Towne,
 So that I wyl that you from vs depart:
 I'll further of our pleasure you doe heare.
 Yet rest assur'd, that wycked *Promos*,
 Shall abide such punishment, as the world,
 Shal hold me iust, and cleare thee of offence.
 Cal. Dread soueraigne, as you wyl, *Cassandra* goeth hence. *Exit.*
 King. I playnely say, it tendes to great vebone,
 That Wynces oft do bayle their eares to heare,
 The *Pisers* playnt: for though they doe appoynt,
 Such as they thynke will Justice execute,
 Autho; it is such a commander,

As,

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

As, where as men by office beareth sway,
If they their rule by conscience measure not,
The worse mans right is overcome by might.
If love or hate from Justice leade the Judge,
Then money sure may over rule the case.
Thus one abuse is cause of many moe:
And therefore none in Judges ought to be,
How Rulers wrong, few tales are told the King:
The reason is, their power keeps in awe
Such men as have great cause for to complaine.
If *Cassandra* her goods, nay, life preferd,
Before revenge of *Promos* treachery:
I had not knowne, his detestable rape,
The which he sought to save her brothers life.
And furthermore, *Andrugios* ransome payde,
I had not knowne he put him vnto death:
For when (good soule) she had this treason told,
Through very shame her honour so was spoild:
She drew her knife to wound her selfe to death.
Whose piteous plight, my hart prouockt to wrath,
At *Promos* wyles:
So that to vs indifferent to both,
Euen in the place where all these wronges were done:
By selfe am come, to set vpon the cause.
But see where *Promos* and the *Page* waight,
To welcome me with great solemnity:
With chereful shewes I shalowe wyl the hate,
I beare to him for his insolency:
Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
Whereby the more his punishment may be.
Come my Lords, to the Towne haue we apace:
All speake. We all are prest, to waight vpon your Grace;

H.ij

Actus.

The Historie

Actus. i. Scena. 9.

g Promos, Maior, three Aldermen, in red Gownes, vvith a Sworde bearer, awayghtes the *Kinges* comming.

promos, his brieft Oration.

*P*Ro. Renowned *King*, lo here your faithfull subiects pzeall to show
The loyall duetie, which (in rrigh) they to your highnesse owe.
Your pzeence, cheares all sorts of vs: yet ten times moze we ioye,
You thinke vs ftoarde, our warning thort, for to receyue a Roie.
Our wyll, is such, as shall supplie, I trust in vs all want,
And where god wyll the welcome geues, prouision syld is scant.
Loc, this is all: yea, for vs all, that I in wordes bestowe.
Your Maieftie, our further scale, in ready deedes shall knowe.
And first, deade King, I render you, the sworde of Justice heare,
Which as your Lieutenant I trust, byrightlie I dyd beare.

The *King* delyuers the Sworde, to one of his Counsell.

*K*Ing. *promos*, the god report, of your god government I heare,
D; at the least, the god conceyte, that towarde you I beare:
To incourage you the moze, in Justice to perseauer,
Is the chafe cause. I dyd addresse, my Wogresse heather.
Pro. I thanke your Highnesse.

The *Maior* presentes the *King*, with a fayre Purse.

*M*A. Renowned King, our ready wylls to giue,
In your behalfe, our goodes (nay lyues) to spende:
In all our names, I fralle here bestowe
On your Highnes, this Purse: vnto this ende,
To possesse your most Royall Maieftie,
In all our wealth, therto bounde by duetie.

King. Your great god wylls, and gyfts with thanks I take:
But kepe you styll, your goodes, to do you good.

of Promos and Cassandra

It is inough, and all that I do craue,
If needes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large perforce me;
And for this time as out ward shewes make prowe,
It is inough (and all that I desire)
That your harts and tongues (alphe) byd me welcome.
All, Lord preserve your Paicety.

¶ Five or sixe, the one halfe men, the other vvomen, neare vn-
to the Musick, singing on some stage, erected from the ground:
During the first partie of the song, the King sailneth to talke
sadlie vvith some of his Counsell.

The Kings Gentleman Vsher. Forwards my Lordes,

They all go out leysurable vvhile the rest of the Song
is made an ende.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Lamia the Curtizan.

[A. The match goes harde, which rayseth no mans gaine,
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye weale:
And sure, the Lawe, that made me late complaine:
Allureth me, many a wanton geast:
Dames of my Trade, shutte tp their shoppes for feare,
Their stuffe prou'd *Contra formam Status*,
Then I, which lycens am, to sell fine ware:
Am lyke to be well custumed perdy:
And nowe Tyme serues, least custome after fayle,
At hysse rate, my Toyes I ballue must:
Let me alone, to set my Toyes to sale:
Pong Kussers I, in faith, wyll serue of trust.

¶ iii

¶ ho

The Historie

Who wayes me not, him wyl I sayne to loue,
 Who loues me once, is lyned to my heart:
 My cullers some, and some shall weare my gloue,
 And he my harte, whose payment lyketh me best.
 And here at hande are customers I trowe.
 These are the friendes, of Phallax, my swate friende:
 Solue wyl I go, and set my wares to shewe,
 But let them laugh, that wyyneth in the end. Exit.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Apio and Bruno, Two Gentlemen straungers, with Roske.

APio. Come on god friende: where dwels Lady *Lamia*?
 Ros. Euen by *Syr*.

APio. Well then, go thy waye,
 Showe who sent vs. and what our meaning is:
 Least she not knowing vs, doe take amys.
 That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.

Ros. No bolder then welcome, I warrant you Sir.

Bruno. Well, thy Message doe:

Ros. I go.

Exit.

*Four Women brauelie apparelled, sitting singing in Lamiass
 vvindowe, with wrought Smockes, and Cawles, in their hands,
 as if they were a vvorking.*

The
 Quyre.

If pleasure, be treasure,

APio. Hark.

The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.

Refuse you, or chuse you:

But welcome who drawes neare, but welcome who drawes neare.

Bruno. They be the *Muses* lure,

APio. *Syr*, Syrens lure.

Her:

of Promos and Cassandra.

First sings Here lyues delyght,

Second sin. Here dyes despyght:

Thei both. Desyre here, hath his wyll.

Thirde sin. Here Loues reliefe,

fourth sin. Destroyeth grieve:

Last two. VVhich carefull hartes doth kyll.

Bruno. Attende them styll.

Apio. What, as you wyll.

First sings. Here wysh in wyll, doth care destroye,

Second sin. Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:

Thirde sin. W hich breedes much yll, we purge annoy,

fourth sin. Our lyues here styll, we leade in ioye.

The Quyre. If pleasure, be treasure,
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here:

Refuse you, or chuse you,

But welcome, who comes neare, but welcome, who, comes neare.

First, VVantons drawe neare.

Second, Taste of our cheare:

Both, Our Cates are fine and sweete.

Thirde. Come be not coye,

Fowrth. To worke your ioye.

The last We fall wyll at your secte.

two. Bruno. A, god kinde woymes:

Apio. Harte.

First, Loe, here we be, good wyll which moue,

Second. We lyue you see, for your behoue:

Thirde. Come we agree, to let you proue.

Fowrth VVithout a fee, the fruites of Loue.

The quire all, If pleasure, be treasure, the golden worlde is here, &c.

Bruno. Upon

The Historie

Bruno. Upon this large warrant, we maye enter,
The doore opes alone, come, let vs enter.
Apio. Agrade.

Enter a *Sergeant* bearing a Mace, another *Officer*, with a
Paper, lyke a Proclamation: and with them the *Cryer*,

Officer. *Cryer*, Make a noyse,
Cry. Yes. And so thrise.

Off. All manner of personnes, here present,

Cry. All manner of personnes, here present.

Off. Be silent, on payne, of imprisonment,

Cry. Be silent, on payne, of imprisonment.

The *Officer* reads the Proclamation.



Cruinus, the hye, and mightie King, of Hunga-
rie, and Boemia: Unto all his louing Subiects
of Iulio, sendeth greeting.

And therewithall, graunt knowledge, of his
Princelie fauour, towards euery sort of them.

First, if any person, *Officer*, or other: hath wronged any
of his true subiects, by the corruption of bybes, affecting
or not sauing, of the person: through *Usurie*, extortion,
wrong imprisonment: or with any other vniust practise:
His Maiestie wylles the partie so grieued, to repaie to
Symon Vlrico, one of his highnesse priue Counsell: who (fin-
ding his, or their iniuries) is commaunded, to certifie them,
and their prooffe, vnto the Kings maiestie: where incont-
nente, he wyl order the controuersie, to the release of the
partie grieued, and the punishment of the offenders.

Further, if any of his laithfull subiects, can charge any
person, *Officer*, or other, with any notable or haynous of-
fence

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

fence: as Treason, Murder, Sacriledge, sedition: or with any such notorious crime: for the safetie of his Royal person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme, and subiectes. On fridaye next, his most excellent Maiestie (with the aduise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt, to heare and determine, all such offences. Therfore he straghtlie chargeth all and euerie of his subiectes, that knowe any such haynous offenders: one the forenamed daye, that he present, both the offender, and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court, in Iulio, the. 6. of Februarie.

God saue the King.

Exiunt.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Rispe.

ROf. See howe we are cross: we thought the King for pleasure,
 Came to visite vs: when to his paine,
 And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure.
 To heare the wronges, of such as well complaine
 Of any man: But the sport is to see
 Us Officers, one looke of another:
 I at Lorde *Promos*, Lorde *Promos* at me,
 The *Lawiers*, at the *Shrieve* and *Maier*.
 They gaze as much on the ruling *Lawier*,
 For to be plaine, the clearest of all,
 Peccauing, to heare the grieuous call,
 Against *Usurie*, *bybytie*, and *barrating*,
Sabozning, *extorcion*, and *boultring*.
 Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation staye,
 Before the King, to be hearde on fridaye.
 I yet haue scape, and hope to go scotfree:
 But so, or no, whilst leysure serues me.

II

To

The History

To haue my answer fre & if I be cauld,
Of merry mates, I haue a meetyng cauld,
To whome my sences, to refresh I wend,
Wh he gets a pace as merrily may spend.

Exit.

Actus. 2. Scena. 5.

Sir *Phrico*, with diuers papers in his hand, two poore
Citysents, soliting complayntes.

Vl. As thou complaynst, agaynst all equity,
Wouldest *Phallax* thy house, by this extremity?

First. Pea sure, and he hath bound me so subtylly,
As lesse you helpe, lawe yeldes me no remedy.

Vl. Well, what say you to *Phallax* money payde?

Sc. Haue you pound say?

Vl. For which your bond is stayde.

Sc. Pay mary, the same I would gladly pay.

But my bonde for the forsept he doth stay.

Vl. *Summum Ius*, I see, is *Summa Iniuria*:

So these wronges must be salued some other way.

First. Pea, moze then this, most men say:

Vl. What?

First. To be playne, he keepes *Spifris Lamia*,

Vl. Admyt he doe, what helpe haue you by this?

Sc. Pes mary, it proues, a double knaue he is:
A couetous churle, and a lecher too.

Vl. Well, well, honest men, for your witnesse go,

And as on pzoise, I fynde your iniuries.

So I wyl moue, the king for remedies.

Both. We thanke your honour.

Exeunt.

Vl. Tys moze then straunge, to see with honest how,

What foule deceptes, lewde officers can hyde:

In euery case, their craft, they collour so,

As styll they haue, stryght lawe vpon their side.

These

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

These cunning Thieves, with lawe, can Lordships steale,
 When for a cheape, the ignorant are trust:
 Pea, who moze rough, with small offenders deale,
 Then these false men, to make themselves seeme iust:
 The tirant *Phalaris*, was praysed in this,
 When *Perillus* the brassen torment made:
 He founde the wretch, Grayght wayes in some amys,
 And made him first, the scourge thereof taste:
 A iust reward for such as doe present
 An others fault, himselfe, the guiltiest man.
 Well, to our weale, our gracious king is bent,
 To taste these thieves, to vse what meanes he can,
 But as at Cheastes, though skylfull players play,
 Skyllesse betters, may see, what they ompt:
 So though our king, in searching Iudgement may,
 Gesse at their faultes, which secret wzonges commit:
 Yet for to iudge, by trueth, and not by ame,
 My selfe in cheafe, his highnesse doth auctoize,
 On proue for to returne who merets blame,
 And as I fynde, so he himselfe will panish:
 So that to vse, my charge indifferently,
 My Clyents wzonges, I wyl with wytnesse trye.

As he is going out, *Pimos*, a young gentelman speakes to him.

Actus. 2. Scena. 6.

PI. *Sir Plrico*, I humbly craue to know,

What god successe: my honest sute enfares

VI. After *Pimos*, in haste, the same to shoue,

I feare, you both, my order wyl refuse:

Lyros, that thinkes he geues moze then he shoud,

And you, for that, you haue not, what you woud,

PI. It shall goe hard, if that your award mislikes me.

VI. Well, goe with me, and you the same shall see:

PI. I waight on you.

Exeunt.

I. ij

Actus.

The History

Actus 3. Scena. 1.

Phallax.

Phal. My troubled hart with guiltynesse agreu'd,
Lyke fyre doth make my eares and cheekes to glow:
God Graunt I scape this blarke day vnreprou'd,
I care not how the game goe to morrow.
Well, I wyll set a face of brasse on it.
And with the rest, vpon the King attend:
Who euen anon wyll heare in Iudgement syt,
To heauen or hel some officers to send.
But soft, a pryze, *Gripax* and *Rapax* I see,
A share of their venture belongs to mee.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2.

*Gripax, Rapax, Promoters, Iohn Adroynes,
A Clowne, Phallax.*

Iohn. Pay, god honest *Promoters*, let me go.
Gri. Tush *Iohn Adroynes*, we must not leaue you so:
What: an ould hotclunch a wanton knaue?
You shal to the King.
Iohn. Harry *Iohn Adroynes* God saue:
The king: why he wyll not loke of poore men.
Ra. Yes, yes, and wyll spy a knaue in your face.
Iohn. Wyll he so: then, god you be gone apace.
Gri. And why?
Iohn. Least in my face, he spy you too,
Phal. Haue you serue a dawbe, bebob two crowes so?
Ra. Well, come awaye sy: patch.
Iohn. Leaue, or by God yle scratch.

They

of Promos and Cassandra.

They sawle a fightyng.

Gri. What wilt thou so?

Iohn. Pea, and byte too.

Gri. Helpe *Rapax*, play the man.

Iohn. Pay, do both what you can.

Phal. If that in bobs, they bargayne be,

In sayth they share alone for mē.

Ra. What bytest thou hobclunch,

Iohn. Pea, that chull, and punch.

Gri. O Lords God, my hart.

Iohn. Bnaues, ile make you fart.

Ra. Hould thy hands Lob,

Iohn. Fyft, take this bob.

Phal. To parte this fraye, it is hye time, I can tell,

My promoters else of the roske wyl smell.

Ra. O, my neck thou wylt breake.

Iohn. Pea, Gods ames, cryft thou creake?

Phal. How now my friends: why what a stir is this?

Gri. Harry.

Phal. What?

Iohn. Care they part, yle make them pys.

Phal. Woulde, no moze blowes.

Iohn. Bnaues, this bonest man thanke,

What you scape so well.

Phal. Friend be not to cranke,

I am an officer, and meane to know.

The cause, why you bzauld thus, befoze I goe:

Your bobs shew, that the same, you best can tell.

Ra. I would your worshop, felt the same as well,

I then am sure, this blockhedded slaue,

For both his faultes, double punishment shoulde haue.

Phal. What faultes?

Ra. Harry,

Iohn. He wylt lye lyke a dogge:

Phal. How now you churle, your tongne, would haue a clog,

Say on:

I iiij

Ra. Wo

The Historie

Ra. To shewe his first, and chiefest faulte:

His fathers maide, and he are naught.

John. What?

Ra. I.

John. By my Grandfathers soule, you lye.

Phal. Peace:

Friende, for this faulte, thou must dye.

John. Dye, Learde saue vs: you sawde knaue, ple hum yet:

For refozming a lye, thus against mee.

Phal. Tush, tush, it helpeth not: if they can proue this.

Gri. For some proue, I sawe him and the Maide kys.

John. Can not foke kys: but they are naught by and by.

Phal. This presumption friende, will touch the shrowdle:

If thou scape with life, be thou sure of this,

Thou shalt be terrible whyped, for this kys.

John. Whyp, mary God shielde, chy had rather be hangde:

Ra. Growte nowle, come to the king.

John. Arte not well hangde.

Phal. Well, god fellowes, lets take vp this matter.

Gri. Pay, first John Adroines, shalbe trust in a halter.

Phal. Why: helpes it you, to see the poze man whypt?

I praye you friendes, for this tyme let him go.

John. Stande still, and chull, whether they will or no:

Ra. Pay, but we charge him, in the kings name, staye the.

Phal. Marke honest man, I warrant the set free:

Crease them wel, in their handes, and speake them saye:

John. O Leard God, our tallowe potte is not here.

Phal. Tush, claue them with money:

John. Why so, my nayles are sharpe.

Phal. I see, for Clownes, *par* Wyne, is master, the *Apollon* Harpe:

They can skyll of no Musicke, but plaine Song.

Gri. I praye lets goe, we tyele tyme so long:

Phal. Straght.

Cockes soule knane, stoppe his mouth with money.

John. O, I ken you nowe sy, chy crie you mercie.

Ra. Come on stouch, wilt please you be iogging hence?

John. Here is all, tenne shyllinges, and thyrzene pence.

Phal. Marke

of Promos and Cassandra.

Phal. Marke ye my friendes.

Gri. We must not let him goe.

Phal. Marke once more.

Iohn. Giue them the money.

Phal. It shall be so.

Ra. Well, although he deserues great punishment,

Foꝛ your sake, foꝛ this tyme we are content:

Iohn Adroines farewell, hencefoꝛth be honest,

And foꝛ this faulte, wyll passe it oꝛ in least.

Exeunt.

Iohn. Then giues our money.

Phal. Why?

Iohn. Well, they dyd but least:

Phal. Pea, but they toke thy money in earnest.

Exit,

Iohn. Art gone, nowe the Dewle choake you all with it:

Wote chy kisse againe, the knaues haue taught me wyl.

But by *Saint Anne*, chy do see burlady:

Men maye do what them woll, that haue money.

Ieh surely had bene whipt, but foꝛ my golde,

But chull no more, with smouches be so bolde.

Pea, and ych wyll all Louers to be wyse,

There be learing knaues abroade, haue Castles eyes:

Why, by Gods boyes, they can bothe see and marke,

If a man steale, but a smouch in the darke.

And nowe the woꝛlde is growne, to such iollie spee:

As if soke do lyffe, the'are naught by and by.

Well, ych wyll home, and tell my ffather *Droyme*:

Wote that, two thieues robd me of my Coyne.

Exit,

Enter the King, Promos, Plrico, Maior, Gonsago, Phallax, with two other attendantes.

King. Sir *Gonsago*, if that we hencefoꝛth heare,

With will, oꝛ wealth, you doe our subiects wrong:

Awake not agayne, this fauour foꝛ to fynde,

We vse this grace, to wynn you to amende:

If not, our wrath shall feare you to offende.

God spede you.

Gonsago, doth reuerence and departeth.

King. 3

The Historie

KYng. I see by ppoofe, that true the ppoerbe is,
 Ppyght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
 As woundres the conscience, of his Paister,
 And deuoures the hart of his pooze neyghbour.
 To cure which soze, Justice his pryde must pene,
 Which Justice ought in Ppinces most to shine:
 And syth subiects lyue by their ppinces law,
 Whose lawes in cheefe, the ryte should keepe in awe:
 The pooze in wzonges, but subome doth delpyght,
 They haue inuffe, for to defende their right:
 It much behoues the maker of these lawes,
 (This many findes in them, so many slawes)
 To see his lawes, obser'd as they are ment:
 Or else god lawes, wyll turne to eyll intent.
 Well, ere I leaue, my ppoorest subiects shall,
 Both lyue, and lyke: and by the richest stallow.

Pro. Regarded and most mightie Ppince, your clemency herein,
 Those harts, your rule, comands throughe feare to faithful loue that
VI. Renowned king, I am for to complaine, (win.

Of Phallax, Lord Promos secondary,
 Whose hainous wzonges many pooze men doth paine,
 By me, who pray, your highnes remedy.

King. My Lord Promos, it saxes you rule at large,
 When as your clarkes are officers vnike.

Pro. Dread king, I thinke, he can these wzong discharge.

Kyng. Doe you but thinke sy: a sure speare to truste
 A dum death, and blynde Iudge, can do as much:
 Well, well, God graunt, your owne lyfe, byde the tutch.
 Sy: Vrico, your complaynt continew:

VI. Gracions King, his wzonges be these inlew:
 Fy:st Phallax, is a common Barriter,
 In office, a lewd extortioner:

The crafty man, oft puts these wzonges in tye,
 If pooze men haue, that lyketh his searching eye,
 He sheweth gould, the needy soules to lare:
 Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,

What

of Promos and Cassandra.

That by some bonde, or couenannt fozfayted,
 They are inforst (farre beneath the ballew)
 To let him haue what his eye coueyted:
 And foz to pzooue, that this repozt is true,
 I shoue no moze, then witnesse pzoou'd by oth,
 Whose names and handes, defends it heare as troth,

Utrico deliueres the King a writing with names at it.

King. How now *Promos*? how thinke you of your man?

We both your wyttes, to cleare him if you can.

Pro. Dyead King, my hart to heare his faultes both bleede.

King. Wotoe far'oe it then, to suffer it indede?

It dyde, I trowe, or now you speake in iest:

Thy Master's mute *Phallax*, I bould it best

That thou speake, foz thy selfe.

Phal. I humbly craue,

Of your grace, foz aunswere, respyt to haue.

King. Why: to deuise a cloke to hyde a knane?

Friend, *veritas non querit angulos*,

And if your selfe, you on your truth repose,

You may be bould, these faultes foz to deny,

Some lyttel care, vpon their othes to lye:

Se if any in your behalfe will sweare,

Phal. O Lord God, is there no knyghtes of the posse heare?

Well, then of soyce, I must sing *peccani*.

And crye out ryght, to the king foz mercy.

O King, I am, in faulte, I must confesse,

The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.

King. Thy confession, doth meryt some fauour,

But repentaunce payes not thy poze neyghbour:

Wherefore, Sy: *Utrico*, his gods sease you,

And those, he wrong'd, restore you, to their due.

VI. Loke what he gettes, most thinke, he wastes straight waye,

Vpon a leatode harlot, named *Lamia*:

So that his gods, wyll scarce pay euery wight.

King. Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.

The Historie

Pay as you may, I haile it, no offence,
If eache pay somewhat for experience:
But by the way, you rule the city well,
That suffer, by your nose, such daunces to dwell,
And now phallax, thy further penance vs,
That sozthwith, thou do resigne thy office.
Frisco, to his account lyke wise, see.

VI. It shalbe done

King. phallax, further heare me:

Because thou didst, thy faultes at first confesse,
From punishment, thy person I releafe:

Phal. I most humbly, do thanke your maiesty.

Pro. Ah, out alas, Cassandra heare I see.

Cassandra in a blew gowne, shadowed with black.

Cas. O would I teares, might tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Or else, Lord promos, let duces hotwen, would death would ende my

Pro. Welcome my swete Cassandra.

Cas. Murdrous barlet, away.

Renowned King, I pardon crave, for this my bold attempt.

In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present;

And least my foe, false promos heare, doe interrupt my tale,

Grant gracious King, that vncontrould, I may report my bale.

King. How now promos: how lyke you, of this song?

Say on fayre dame, I long to heare thy wrong.

Cas. Then knowe dread souerayne, that he this come did geue:

That my Brother, for wantonnesse should lose his head;

And that the mayde, which find, should euer after lye

In some religious house, to sorowe her misdoe:

To saue my brother sug'd to dye, with teares I sought to moue

Lord promos hart, to shpye him grace: but he with lawles loue,

Was tyed by and by: and knowing necessity,

To saue my brothers lyfe, would make me yeld to much,

He crav'd this ransome, to haue my virginity:

So teares could worke restraynt, his wicked lust was such,

Two euils here were, one must I chuse, though bad were very best.

To

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

To se my brother put to death, or graunt his letwde request:
 In syne, subbnde with naturall lone, I did agree,
 Upon these two poyntes: that marry mee he should,
 And that from prison vyle, he should my brother free.
 All this with monstrous othes, he promised he would.
 But *W* this perjur'd *Promos*, when he had wrought his wyll,
 First cast me of: and after causd the Cailer for to kill
 My brother, raunsomde, with the spoyle of my good name:
 So that for companing, with such a hellish scende,
 I haue condemn'de my selfe to weare these weedes of shame:
 Whose cognisance doth shewe, that I haue (deserly) And,
 Doe thus, hie and renown'd king, *Cassandra* endes her tale,
 And this is wicked *Promos* that hath wrought her endles bale.
 King. If this be true, so soyle a deede, shall not unpunisht goe,
 How sayst thou *Promos*, to her playnte: arte guilty? yea, or no?
 Why speakst thou not: a faulty harte, thy silence sore doth shewe.
 Pro. My guilty hart commaunds my tongue, *W* king, to tell a troth,
 I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserue thy wrath.
 King. And is it so: this wicked deede, thou shalt ere long buy deare,
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of god cheere:
 Thy forced fault, was free from euill intent,
 So long, no shame, can blot thee any way.
 And though at sul, I hardly can content thee,
 Yet as I may, assure thy selfe I wyl,
 Thou wycked man, might it not thee suffice,
 By worse then force, to spoyle her chastitie,
 But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
 Hast cruelly, her brother done to death.
 This ouer prooffe, ne can bat make me thinke,
 That many waies thou hast my subiectes wrongt:
 For how canst thou with Justice vse thy swaie:
 When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe.
 Thy tyranny made mee, this progresse make,
 How so, for sport tyll now I coloured it
 Vnto this ende, that I might learne at large.
 What other wronges by power, thou hast wrought,

The Historie

And here, I heare: the Kitcher suppresseth the poore:
 So that it seemes, the best and thou art friendes:
 I please thee not, to be a partiall Judge.
 Thy Officers are couetous I finde,
 By whose reportes, thou ouer rulest lutes:
 Then who that geues, an Item in the hande,
 In ryght, and wrong, is sure of god successe.
 Well, Warlet, well: to slowe I better came,
 To scourge, thy faultes, and salue the sores thou mad'st:
 On this vyle wyetche, this sentence I pronounce.
 That forthwith, thou shalt marrie *Cassandra*,
 For to repayre hir honour, thou dydst waste:
 The next daye thou shalt lose thy bated lyfe,
 In penaunce, that thou mad'st hir Brother dye.
 Pro. My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
 That now with bloody sighes, lament my sinnes to late.
 King. *Hoc facias alteri, quod tibi vis fieri:*
 Pittie was no place for you, when you in iudgement sate,
 Prepare your selfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
 My Lordes, bring him with mee: *Cassandra* come you in like case:
 My selfe will see, thy honour salu'd, in making thee his Wife,
 The sooner to shorten his dayes.
 All the company. We wayte vpon your Grace.

¶ As the King is going out, a Poore man shall kneele
 in his waye.

King. My *Ulrico*, I wold, Commission should be made,
 To my *Anthony Alberto*, and *Iustice Dyon*,
 To heare and determine, all lutes to be had
 Betwene *Paister prostro*, and this poore man: is it done?
Ulrico. Renowned King, it is ready:
 King. Repayre to my *Ulrico*, for thy Commission:
 All. God preserve your Maestie.

They all depart, saue the Clowne.

Clowne. *Wones*

of Promos and Cassandra.

Clow. Bones of me, a mā were better speak to great Lords chy ſe,
Then to our proude, Jufflers of peace, that byn in the cuntry:
He that is ryche, as my dame ſayth, goes away with the Ware.
This two yere, they haue hard my matter, & yet cham nere y nere.
And at firſt daſh, a god fatte Lorde, God in heauen ſaue his life,
ſayth, for nothing, told the King of Paſſe *Proſtros*, and my wife.
I heard ych thought the King could not bide, on poore men to loke,
But God ſaue his Grace, at fyrſt daſh, my Supplication he toke:
And you hard, how gently, he calld me poore man, and wold me goe,
For my Paſport, I kenne not what, to god ſy *Virico*.
Well, chull goe fort, and hope to be with Paſſer *Proſtros* to bying:
But ere ych goe, chul my Ballat, of god King *Cornine* ſing.

The Clownes Song.

YOn Barrons bolde, and luſtie Lads,
Prepare to welcome, our good King:
VWhoſe comming ſo, his Subiectes glads,
As they for ioye, the Belles doo ryng.
They fryſke, and ſkippe, in euerie place,
And happy he, can ſee his face:
VWho checks the ryche, that wrong by might,
And helpes the poore, vnto his right.

¶ The loue that rygour gettes through feare,
VWith grace and mercie, he doth wyn:
For which we praye thus, euerie where,
Good Lorde preferue, our King *Conuin*.
His fauour raignes, in euerie place:
And happy he, can ſee his face.

Exit.

The Historie

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Gresco, a good substantiall Officer, Two Beadelles in
blew Coates, with Typellaines.

Gresco. Come loytring knaues, speake about your businesse.
Fetch me in, all yole vacaboundes.

First. Yes s^r, yes:

Gres. Searehe Ducke alley, Corke lane, and Scoulbes cojner,
About your charge, lets see, howe you can storre.

Sec. Yes, I haue wings in my hailes to floe.

First. Who giues two pence, a straunge Ponsker to see,

Sec. What Ponsker?

First. A horned Beast, with wings vpon his hailes.

Sec. Out drunken Deule?

Gres. Whaterunneth your beades a tobales?

We packing bothe, and that betymes you are best.

First. We are gone s^r, we dyd but speake in teast.

Exeunt. Beadelles,

Gres. The King, I sayth, hath set vs all a worke,
To searche odde holes, where yole variettes lurke.

He so ny: ped, our *Mour* for yll rule:

As euer since, he hath bene lyke to whoule.

And in a rage, the man is nowe so whotte,

As lewde personnes, tagge, and ragge, goes to potts,

But in chiefe, he stor: mes. at this *Whist* *Lamia*.

She drinkes, for all, come she once in his waye,

And least she scape, my selfe for sooth he wylls,

Whorshipfull to fetch her, with to the Wylls.

Well, I must goe, and weyke our *Mour* beaſt,

No force, for once, she wyll neuer be honest,

Exit.

Actus.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. 4. Scena. 2.

Andragio, as out of the wooddes, with Borne and Arrows, and a Cony at his gyrdle,

AN. This savage life, were hard to use, if hope no comfort gave:
But I (whose life, free Tyrants wraith, Gods providence did save,
Do take in worth this misery, as penance for my mys:
Still fed with hope to change this state, when Gods good pleasure is.
A hollow Cave for house, and bed, in worth *Andragio* takes,
Such soyle food, as fortune sendes, he seldom knowe to take:
I am my selfe forsaide, nowe Butcher, Cook, Cater and all:
For, often tymes I fall to sleepe, with none, or supper small.
Then in my Denne, I call to minde, the life I live in blisse:
And by the want I freedomeUDGE, the greatest love that is,
The freeman is in vantage of friends, to have release in need:
The vyle, though he have no lacke, yet lyes he still in need:
That his misdoings, will hardly scape, the punishment of lawe:
And lyeing, he were better dead, than lyeing in this awe:
Besides this feare, which never failes, the banisht man in want,
As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succor, as hee want.
Then who is he so mad, that friends, and frendes both enioye:
That will adventure breach of lawe, to lye in this annoy:
And not annoy to him alone, but to his friends and kyn:
Great be the cares, *Cassandra*, and *Polina* lye in.
Though thought, of me, whom long agoe, hee headed they suppose,
For my offence, thus are they scolded, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for their helpe: but hark, who cometh hither:
This chaunce seems strange: God graunt good newes, I hope, and
(yet I feare;

John Adraynes,

The Historie

John Adroyne a Clowne, Andrugie.

Iohn. If che could finde my Mare, che would be rusty by the rood,
And cham sure the horechup, is peaking in this wood.
Chy wyl sake every cozner, but che wyl find her.
He whistlyng lookes vp and downe the stage,

(churles,

An. This clowne can hardly mæ betwray, and yet such dunghyll
Such newes, as is in market townes, about the country whoyles.

What seeks thou god fellow?

Iohn. My squawde Mare, dost her knowe?

An. No.

Iohn. Then scammer mæ not, sh ha'e ych goe,
Sake my Mare, to se the spozt at Iulia.

An. What spozt?

Iohn. A lyttel spozt.

An. What?

Iohn. Pay shyl not a wylt?

An. What meanes this Asse?

Iohn. I' wyl teache the horecup wylt.

I' yll hang, handsome young men for the soote sinne of loue,

When so his knauery, himselfe, a bawdy iack doth proue.

An. His wordes seemeth strange, somewhat is a wy.

Iohn. Wel, chyll se his shoulders, from's towie to fye.

An. Whose shoulders friend?

Iohn. As though you dyd know.

An. Whome?

Iohn. Lord Promos.

An. Yes: my most accursed foe:

But what of him?

Iohn. Thou kenst.

An. No.

Iohn. Sayst not, yes,

An. Yes:

Iohn. So.

An. But

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

An. But friend thou took'st my wordes ayme,

I know nothing, in what state *Promos* is.

Iohn. Thou know'st, and thou knowest not: out boyson soke,

Leaue stealing Connyes, and get thee to scoule.

Farewell.

An. Soft.

Iohn. O thy arte no soke god theate:

Haue my mony take my life.

An. Tush be breefe.

Some newes, of letwde Lord *Promos* tell me,

And wpyh lye and mony, ple set thee free.

Iohn. I wyl: thou know'st the King now at *Julie*,

An. Wery well.

Iohn. Thou canst tel as wel as I.

Let me goe?

An. Pay ple see if thou dost lye.

If thou dost, ple whip thee, when thou hast done.

Iohn. Bissyg and lpyng, ich see is all one:

And chaue no mony, chul tell true theretoze.

An. Dispatch then.

Iohn. Then, lpyng *Promoter*, this moze:

Cassandra sculde, *Promos*, of honestie:

And killyng *Ramstrugis* for bandy.

An. What moze?

Iohn. The king at *Promos*, great pleasure had take,

And *Cassandra*, an honest woman to make:

The King maunded him, her strayght to marry,

And for killyng her brother, he must dye.

An. Is this true?

Iohn. Why: how say you: doe I lye?

An. Well, so or noe, for thy newes haue this counle.

Iohn. Gods boyes, geue it me, to be swete, tis to cheape,

Bur Lady yet, tell sunday it will keepe:

Well, now god blyse, was lpyng *Promoter*,

Wees see at the sport.

An. I peradventure.

A J

Iohn. Since

The History

John. Since can not finde my Pare, on foote shall goe:
Each thinke, each daye a nowye, to be at *Julio*. *Exe.*
An. Straunge are the newes, the Clowne hath holwne to mee:
Not straunge a whyt, if they well scanned be.
For God we se, ityll thowes the Tyrant dolwne:
Euen in the heyght, and pride of his renolwne.
Lorde *Promos* rule, nay, tyranny in daide,
For Iudges is a mirro, wo, thy hede.
The wretched man, with holwe of Justice scale,
Thoroughly dyp, with poyze offenders deale.
The wicken man, both, knetwe, and iudg'd, abuse:
And none so much, as he her faultes dyp vse.
He sellons bang'd, yet by extorcion, Roale:
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a doating foale.
He others cheekt, for sauing for their right:
And he himselfe, mayntainet wrongs by might.
But se the rule of mischiefe, in his pride:
He headlong falles, when least, he thought to slide.
Well, by his fall, I maye perhaps erpse:
Andrugio yet, in clyming be thou wyse.
What? ityll unknowne, shall I lue in this wode:
Not so.
So maye these newes, no doubt, into my good.
Yet ere I go, I wyll my selfe disguise,
As in the Towne, in tyce of *Limmers eyes*.
I wyll unknowne, learne howe the game dath go,
But ere I go, feth eased is my woe:
By thanks to God, I first in song wyll shoue.

Andrugios Song.

To thee O Lorde, with harte, and voyce I syng,
Whose mercie great, from mone to sweete delight:
From grieve to ioye, my troubled soule doest bring,
Yea, more thy wrath, hath foylde my foe in syght.

VVho

of Promos and Cassandra.

VWho sought my lyfe (which thou O God didst saue)
Thy scourge hath brought, yntimelic to his graue.

VWhose griefe wyll gawle, a thousande Iudges moe,
And wyll them see, them selues, and sentence iust:
When blacke reproche, this thundring shame shall shoe,
A Iudge condemde for murder, theste, and luste.
This scourge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring,
The iust for ioye, thy prayses lowde wyll syng.

Exit.

. *Gresco*, with three other, with bylles, bringing in *Lamia* prisoner.

G^{Ref.} Come on faire Dame, since faire wordes, woordes no haue,
Poore soule meanes shall: in you repentaunce bzaide.

L^{a.} Maister *Gresco*, where you maye helpe, hurt not.

G^{ref.} And nothing but chastment, wyll helpe you to amende.

W^{ell.} I wyll not hurt you. your lewdnes to defende.

L^{a.} By lewdnes Sy: what is the difference.

W^{ell.} W^{antons.} and hoorders of pence?

G^{ref.} Thou hast winde at wyll, but in thy eyes no water:

Thou arte full of Grace, howe he bluseth at the matter.

L^{a.} Howe sample I, your wyfe and daughter Sy?

G^{ref.} Are m^a, when wyhypping hath chaung'd thy Nature.

L^{a.} What wyhypping: why: am I a Horse or a Mare?

G^{ref.} No, but a beast, that m^atelie well wyll bare.

L^{a.} In d^ade (as) nowe, perforce, I beare this blowe.

But b^e me well, else I sayth, gette I out,

Loke so; quittaunce.

B^yl. Winde hir to the Peace Sy.

So maye your W^oship be out of danger.

G^{ref.} Bring hir awaye, I knowe howe to tame hir.

L^{a.} Perhaps Sy: no: the worst is but tame hir.

B^yl. Come ye bzaib.

L^{a.} Howe nowe stab: bandes of my Coloure.

B^yl. Care not so; this, yule haue a view one toone.

2 ii

First Bilms

Secod bilms

*Exeunt. Third Bil,
Cassandra.*

The History

Cassandra.

CAs: Unhappy Wench, the more I scke, for so abandone griefe,
The further off, I wretched finde, both comfort and reliefe.
My Brother first, for wanton faultes, condemned was to die:
To save whose life, my sute, wrought hope of Grace, but sayles I.
By such request, my honor spoyle, and gaped not his breath;
For which deceite, I haue perforce, Lorde Promos vnto death.
Who is my Husbande now become, it pleasd our Soueraigne so,
For to repaie, my crased fame; but that now workes my wo.
This day, he must (oh) lose his head my Brothers death to quite,
And therein fortune hath alas, the woe me hir greatest spyle.
Nature would mee, my Brother loue, now dutie constrainde mee,
To preferre before my kyn, or friend, my Husbonds astitie
But O, aye me, by fortune, I am made his chiefest foe:
It was I also, euery one I, that wrought his overthrow.
What shall I doe, to worke amends, for this my haryene doo?
The time is short, my power small, his succors areth spade.
And shall I scke, to save his blood, at lastely bought his lyfe?
O, yea I then was sworne his foe; but now as faithfull wife,
I must and will, preferre his health, And sende me good successe:
For nowe vnto the King I will, my chaunged minde to expresse.

Exii.

Phallax.

PHal. Was ever man, set more free then I:
First went my goodes, then my Office dyd I see:
But had the King, let me free from flatterie,
The next deare yeare, I might haue staru'd, perdie.
But Lorde Promos, hath a farr more free chaunce:
He free from Landes, goodes, and Office doth daunce;
And shalbe free from life, ere long, with a Laurell.
The Officers, and chiefe men of Iulio:
Vengeance lyberall, themselves lyke wise doe.
More knaues, and queanes that vp and doo vne do goe,
These hoysesen kinde cruell, in hopes bestoe.

But

of Promos and Cassandra.

But yet, pore chere, they haue: marry for beate,
 They whep them vntill, berie blood they sweate.
 But see, their cost bestowde of fyne *Lama*,
 To laug hir teete, from harde stones, and colde waye,
 Into a Carte, they dyd the queene conuaye.
 Apparell'd, in coloure berie gaye:
 Both Hode, and Cowne, of greene, and yellowe Saye,
 Hir Garde, weare Toppstaues, all in blewe arraye.
 Before hir a noyse of Balons dyd playe,
 In this triumphe, she ryd well nre a daye.
 Sic, sic, the Citie is so purged now:
 As they of none, but honest men allowe,
 So that fare well my parte, of thyring there:
 But the best is, flattrers lyue euerie where.
 Set cocke on hope. *Dominus est terra:*
 If thou can not where thou wouldest, lyue where thou maye,
 Yes, yes *phallax*, knoweth whether to go:
 Nowe, God bwy ye all honest men of *Iulio*
 As the Deuilles lykes, the company of friers,
 So flattrers loues as lyfe, to toyne with lyers.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

Anargio, disguised in some long blacke Cloake,

AN. These two dayes, I haue bene in Court disguis'd:
 Where I haue learnd, the leage that is deuil'd,
 For *Promos* faulte, he my Syster spowd hath.
 To salue hir fame, crackt by his byrache of sayth.
 And thortlie he, must lose his subtyll head:
 For murdering me, whome no man thinkes but dead.
 He wyll, was god: and therfore be shewe mee,
 If (mou'd with ruthe) I seeke, to set him free.
 But softlie, with some netwes, these fellows come:
 I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

Exit

Ant.

The Historie

Actus 5. Scena. 2.

Enter *Plrico, Marshall.*

VL. *Marshall*, heare you warrant is: with speede,
The king commaundes, that *promos* you behead.

Mar. Sir, his highnesse wyll, shalbe forthwith done.

Exit. Marshall.

VI. The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
His heauy wyfe, such stormes of teares did shewe,
As myght, with rueful haue moyst a stony hart.
But *promos* guylt, dep'ed soone this grace deuoure,
Our gracious king, before hir wretched smart,
P'ferred, the helth, of this our common weale:
But se againe, to sue for him she comes,
Her ruthfull lokes, her grasse, doth soeze m'is f'ris.
With hope, I must, her sorrowes neddes delay:
Wyll *Promos* be dispatch out of the way.

Actus. 5. Scena. 3.

Cassandra.

CAs. By *Plrico*, if that my vnknotone grasse,
May moue god mindes, to helpe me to releafe,
Or bytter syghes, of comfort cleane dismaye,
May moue a man, a shiflesse dame to apoe:
Aue of my teares, from true intent which shewe,
Vnto the king, with me, yet once mores goe.
See if his grace, my husbands lyfe wyll saue,
If not, with his, death shall my corpa ingraue.

VI. What shall I doe, her sorrowes to ocreace:
Freede her, with hope: saye dame, this mone surcease,

of Promos and Cassandra.

I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
Wile once agayne thy sorowes wyll present:
Come we wyl wayght for tyme, thy sute to bestow.
Caf. Good knight, for tyme, doe not my sute forsellow.
Whylst grasse, both growes vnto sterues the seely floure,
VI. Feare not, your Lorde, shal not dye with such shewe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Andrugio.

An. Lord God, how am I toymented in thought
My sisters woe, such rueth in me hath wrought:
As fayne I would (if ought sane death I sought)
Betwix my selfe, Lord Promos life to saue.
But life is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
If that I should, my safety now disclose:
So that I chuse, of both the euils, he dye:
Time wyll appease, no doubt, *Cassandras* woes,
And shal, I thus acquite *Cassandras* loue.
To worke her cure and shal I feare to dye:
Whylst, that she lyue, no comforte may remoue
Care from her barte, if that hir husband dye:
Then shal I specke, to hazard lyue my life:
To saue hir greife, since in my cure it rests.
Say first, I wilbe spoild, with bloody knife,
Before, I sayle, her, plunged in distress.
Death, is but death, and all in syne shal dye
Thus (being dead) my fame, shal liue alway:
Well, to the king, *Andrugio* now wyll hie,
Hap life, hap death, his safety, to betwix.

Exit.

Actus. 5. Scena. 4.

The Marshall, three or fowre with halbards,
Leading Promos to execution.

BYL. Some friends, what meane you thus to gale on vs,
A comes behinde, makes all the sport I was,

A Blynd.

Pro. Farewel.

The Historie

Pro. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
 Disdaine my life, but lyffen to my ende,
 Fresh harmes, they say, the viewers so apall,
 As oft they win, the wicked to amend.
 I needs not heare, my faultes at large reseyte,
 Untimely death, doth witnesse what I was:
 A wicked man, which made eache wrong same right,
 Euen as I would, was wretched euery case.
 And thus long tyme, I liu'd and rule by wyl,
 Where as I lou'd, their faultes, I would not see:
 Those I did hate, tenn times beyond there yll
 I did persue, byle wretch, with cruelty.
 Pea dayly I, from bad, to worse did slide,
 The reason was, none durst, controule my lyfe:
 But see the fall, of mischance, in his pride,
 My faultes, were knowne, and loe with bloody Are,
 The headseman straght, my wronges with death wyll quise:
 The which, in worth I take, acknowledging,
 The doome, was geuen, on cause, and not on spyte,
 Wishing my ende, might serue for a warning.
 For such as rule, and make their will a lawe,
 If to such god, my saynting tale might tend,
 Wretched *promos*, the same would lenger draw:
 But if that wordes preuaile, my wofull ende
 From my huge faultes, then tenn times moze wyll warne.
 For geuenesse now, of all the world I craue,
 Therewith that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
 Beseeche of God, that I the grace may haue:
 At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyl.
 Mar. Forwards my Lord, me thinkes you sayntly goe.
 Pro. O sye, in my case, your selfe would be as slowe,

Actus.

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*.

Actus. 5. Scena. 5.

Enter *Cassandra*, *Polina*, and one mayde.

CAs. Aye me, alas: my hope is untimely,
Whether goes my good Lord?

Pro. Sweete wife, to dye.

Cas. O wretched wench, where may I first complayne?
When heauen, and earth, agrees vpon my payne?

Pro. This mone good wife, for Chrystes sake, forsake:

I late resolu'd, though feare of death, now quake.

Not so much, for my bagnous sinnes forpast:

As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.

Cas. Nay, I vile wretch, should most agræued be,

Befoze thy time, thy death which hastened haue:

But (O sweete husband) my fault forgene me.

And for amends, He helpe to fyll thy graue:

Pro. Forgene thee, ah: nay, for my soules relese,

Forget swete wyfe, this thy most guiltles græfe.

Mar. My Lord *Promos*, these playntes, but moue hir mone.

And your moze græfe, it is best you ware gone:

God spaddame way, by lawe, your Lord doth dye,

Wherefoze make vertus of necessity:

Delay, but woakes your sorowes, and our blames,

So that now, to the comfozt of these dames:

And your wisdom, inforced, we leaue you:

My Lord *Promos*, byd your wife and friends adieu.

Pro. Farewell, farewell, be of god cheare deare wyfe:

With ioy for woe, I shall exchange this life.

Andrugios death, *Polina* forgene me:

Poli. I doe, and pray the Lord, to releue ye.

Cas. Yet ere we part, sweete husband let vs kis,

At his lippes, why sayleth not my breath?

Pro. Leane mone, sweete wife, I doe deserue this death.

Farewell, farewell.

¶ 1

They

The Historie

They all depart, saue *Polina*, *Cassandra*, and her vvoman.

CAs. My louing Lorde, farewell,

I hope ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.

Po. Now, god Madame, leaue of this boatelesse griefe.

Cas. *Polina*, sozroune is my reitese.

Wberfoze, swæte wenche, helpe me to rue my woe,

With me hyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe:

To hasten lynnring breath, who wanteth might:

I se, alone, to iley, the wretched wight.

Po. Nay, first powze sozth your playnes, to the powers Diuine,

Wthen hate, doth clothe, all wo:ldly grace, whose mercies styll do

Cas. O, so o; no, thy motion doeth well,

(Mine.

Swan lyke, in song, to tolde my passing Well.

The Song of *Cassandra*.

O Deare Dames diuorse, your minds frō ioy, helpe to bewaile my wo,
Condole with me, whose heauy sighs, the pangs of death do shoue:
Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wēch distrest, to hast the means to dye:
V Vhose ioye, annoy: reliefe, whose griefe, hath spoyld with crucitie,

My brother slaine, my husband ah, at poynt to lose his head,
V Why lyue I then vnhapoy wench, my suckers being dead:
O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that Iudgd them thus to dye:
I blame, you all, my shame, my thrall, you hate that harmelesse trye.

This Tragidy they haue begun, conclude I vvretched must,
O vvelcome care, consume the thread, thereto my life doth trust:
Sound bell, my knell, avway delaie, and geue mee leaue to dye,
Les hope, haue scope vnto my hart, a fresh fox ayde to flye.

Enter

of Promos and Cassandra.

Enter Ganio sometime Andrugio's Boye.

G. A. O swete netwes, for Polina and Cassandra.
Andrugio lyues:

Po. What doth youe Ganio saye?

Ga. Andrugio lyues: and Promos is repyn'd.

Cal. Waine is thy hope, I sawe Andrugio dead.

Ga. Well, then from death, he is againe repay'd.

Even now, I sawe him, in the market head.

Po. His wordes are straunge,

Cal. To swete, God wot. for true.

Ga. I praye you, who are these here in your elect?

Cal. The King.

Ga. Who more?

Po. O, I see Andrugio.

Cal. And I my Lorde Promos, adue forraine.

Enter the King, Andrugio, Promos, Ulrico, the Marshall.

Po. My good Andrugio?

An. My swete Polina:

Cal. Lyues Andrugio, welcome swete brother:

An. Cassandra?

Cal. I.

An. Howe fare, my deare Syfter?

King. Andrugio, you shall haue more leysure,

To gräte one another: it is our pleasure,

That you forthwith, your fortunes here declare,

And by what meanes, you thus preserued weare.

An. My faull, though longe, and iudgement for my faulte.

Lorde Promos wronges, vnto my Sister done.

My death supposde, O deare King, were vaine to tell.

Cassandra heare, those dealinges all hath showane.

The rest are these.

¶ If

when

The Historie

When I should dye, the Gayler mou'd to ruth,
 Declard to me, what *promos* pleasure was:
 Amazde wher at, I tolde him all the trueth,
 What, betwene *Cassandra*, and him dyd passe.
 He much agrieu'd, Lo, *promos* guylt to heare,
 Was verie lothe, me (wofull man) to harme:
 At length, iust God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
 With this defence, his wylling minde dyd arme.
 Two dayes afoze, to death, were diuers done,
 For scuerall faultes, by them committed:
 So that of them, he toke the head from one,
 And to *Cassandra*, the same presented:
 Affirming it, to be hir brothers head.
 Which done, by night, he sent me post away,
 None but supposed, that I in daue was dead:
 When as in trueth, in vncouth hauntes I laye.
 In fine, a Clowne, came peaking thzough the wood.
 Wherin I lyd, your Graces being here:
 And *promos* death, by whome I vnderstod,
 Glad of which newes, howe so I lyd in feare.
 I ventured to see his wretched fall:
 To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
 I hether came: but loe, the inwarde thzall
 Of *Cassandra*, the hate, so soze dismayde.
 Which I conceyued agaynst my brother *promos*,
 That loe, I ch'w'd, to yeld my selfe to death,
 To set him free: for other wyse I knew,
 His death ere long, would sure haue stopt her breath.
 Loe gracious king, in br'ase I here haue shovne,
 Such aduentures, as wretched I haue past:
 Beseeching you wth grace to thinke vpon,
 The wight that wayles, his sollyes at the last.
 King. A strange discourse, as straungely come to light,
 Gods pleasure is, that thou should'st pardoned be:
 To salue the fault, thou wth *Polina* mad'st,
 But marry her, and heare I set thee free.

of *Promos* and *Cassandra*

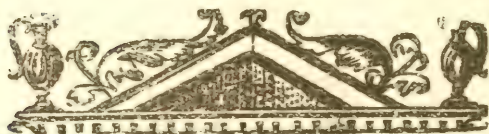
An. Most gracious *Dilnee*, thereto I gladly gra:
 Poli. *Polina*, the happiest newes of all for the
 Caf. Most gracious King, with these my ioye to match,
 Touchsafe, to geue my dampned husbande lyfe.
 King. If I doe so, let him thanke thee his Wife:
Cassandra, I haue noted thy distresse,
 Thy vertues eke, from first, vnto the last:
 And glad I am, without offence it lyes,
 In me to ease, thy griefe, and heauines.
Andrugio saue's, the iuell of thy ioye,
 And for thy sake, I pardon *Promos* faulte.
 Yea let them both, thy vertues rare commende:
 In that their woes, with this deliight doth end.
 Company. God preserue your Maiestie.
 Pro. *Cassandra*, howe shall I discharge thy due?
 Caf. I dyd, but what a Wife, shoulde do for you.
 King. Well, since all partes are pleased, as they woulde,
 Before I parte, yet *Promos*, this to thee:
 Henceforth, for ethipke, of thy forpassed faultes,
 And measure Grace, with Justice euermore.
 Vnto the poore, haue euermore an eye,
 And let not might, out countenaunce their right:
 Thy Officers, trust not in euery tale.
 In chiefe, when they are meanes, in strifes and lutes,
 Though thou be iust, yet coyne maye them corrupt.
 And if by them, thou dost vntustice shewe,
 Tys thou shalt beare, the burden of their faultes.
 Be louing to good *Cassandra*, thy Wife:
 And friendlie to thy brother *Andrugio*,
 Whome I commaund, as saythfull for to be
 To thee, as becomies the duety of a brother.
 And now agayne, thy gouernment receyue,
 In ioye it so, as thou in Justice ioye.
 If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse.

The Historie

The lost shee founde, for, loye, the feast was made.
Till, here an ende, of my abuse I make,
As I haue sayde, be good vnto the poore,
And Justice toyne, with mercie enermore.
Pro. Most gracious King, I will not sayle my best,
In these preceptes, to foliowe your behest.

FINIS.

G. Whetstone.



Imprinted at London by Richarde
Ihones, and are to be sold ouer agaynst Saint
Sepulchres Church, without Newgate.

August. 20. 1578.



RETURN CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
TO → 202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1	2	3
HOME USE		
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.

Books may be Renewed by calling 642-3405

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

APR 23 1999

FORM NO. DD6

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

® 5

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY



8000749456

